THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXII.—No. 1582

APRIL 10, 1934

The BYSTANDER

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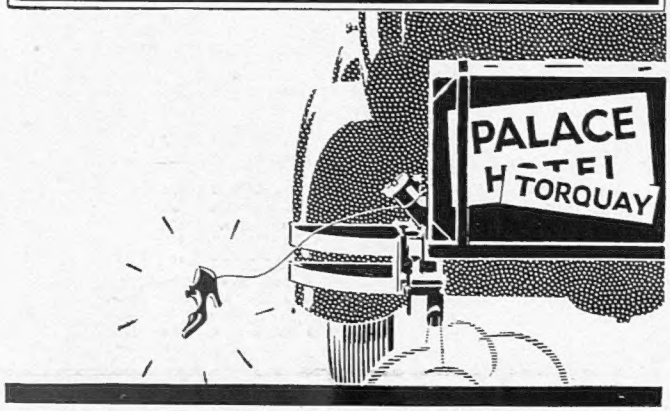

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The Bystander, April 10, 1934

No. 1582. Vol. CXXII.

The BYSTANDER

ADRIENNE AMES

Adrienne Ames is one of the beauties in "George White's Scandals," the film version of the famous American revue, with George White himself appearing in the show. Jimmy Durante, Rudy Vallee, Alice Faye, and Gregory Ratoff are in the cast, and lots of lovely girls, of course, and between them they sing ten new songs. The film, which is on the usual flashingly sumptuous lines of Hollywood musical comedies, is running its second world-première week at the Capitol

"Upsidaisy!"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Waterloo Bridge

FAITHFUL to our ideal of Self before Service—or is it the other way round? ("What will you have, Brother-Rotarian?" "Thanks, Brother Rotarian, a double Seltzer")—we have been to endless trouble to find out the true position of Waterloo Bridge. You, sweethearts, must have been sorely puzzled in your elegant little heads at the headlines in the public sheets: "What is the position of Waterloo Bridge?"; or "How does the Bridge stand now?"; or "Waterloo Bridge. New finding." We therefore commissioned our expert in these matters, our Pontifex Maximus, as you might say (Oh, very good, Sir. Very good. In the best classical tradition, I perceive), to set out upon an expedition of discovery and clear the whole thing up. This is what he writes: "In re W'loo B'ge. We have the honour to report that after a prolonged search, followed by an accurate survey, we have established that the position of the bridge is lat. 60° 31′ long. 31° lat. 60′, or something of that sort. It runs from the south bank of the River Thames right across to the north bank, or, if you are coming the other way, the other way, *i.e.*, right across to the south bank. It debouches on the south side into a street called Waterloo Road, and debouches on the north in the Gaiety Theatre (and if the printer starts any funny stuff with that second 'debouches' he will hear from our Solicitor). The answer to the second question, 'How does the Bridge stand now?' is that it is supported by legs, as it were, which, in turn, are supported by the bed of the river. It is built in the form of a switchback or scenic railway, with a deep dip in the middle, and this makes the Socialists on the London County Council very cross. Though why it makes them cross is rather puzzling, as a free switchback for the People in the very centre of London is surely a very admirable thing."

So there you are darlings, that is the real position of this famous bridge. I hope you understand.

Wisecrack Corner

"I AM afraid that this country is not Cyprus."—*The Prime Minister, in the House of Commons.*

"The Germans were the first people to colonise in Europe."—*An immensely grand Newspaper-Owner.*

"The Colorado beetle has become a political stalking-horse."—*The Times.* [Yes, really, *The Times.*]

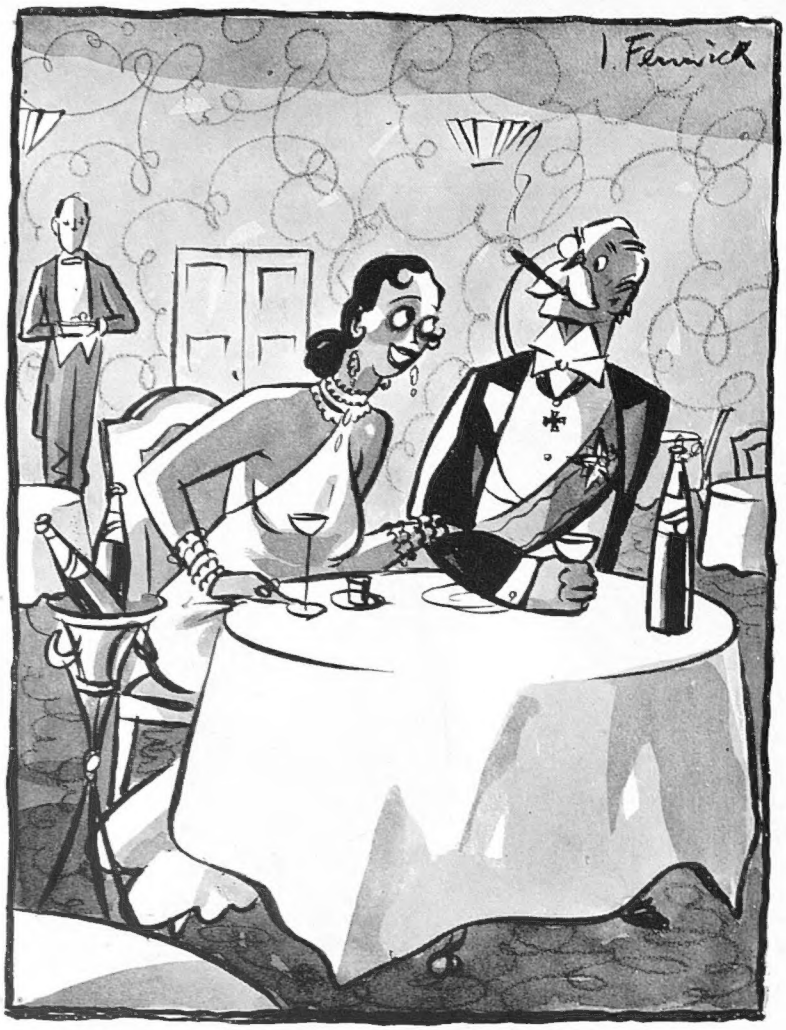
"Don't let down the old school, George"

Nature Notes

AS a matter of fact, we are not sure whether the third of these three ought not to come under this heading. Or under "modern literature," with the title, "Beetle into Horse." Or under "Psychical News: Strange case of animal transmigration." Or in the foreign section, beginning "A remarkable case of Evolution is reported from Colorado, where a beetle, it appears, has gradually assumed the shape, nature, and attributes of that breed of horse which is used upon stalking expeditions in Rocky Mountains." Or should it come on the front page, among the red-hot news, as, "Black Magic in Canada. Has Wizard Merlin been reincarnated? Beetle grows mane and stalks. The Thing is Possible says Playwriter Shaw."? [*N.B.*—Canada is pretty near Colorado for Fleet Street purposes.]

Another Brain-Storm in Parliament

THE giant intellects have been creaking again. The mammoth



" An Ambassador, he like to relax sometime, hein ? "

brains have been whizzing round with the relentless precision of a great steel saw. And it is no exaggeration to say that the problem which has been occupying these broad-browed pillars of our Constitution is one of the gravest and the weightiest problems that confronts our far-flung Empire to-day (Well said, Sir ; well said). It is this : How ought a Member to refer to another Member who is both an ex-officer and a Privy Councillor ? Should it be right honourable and gallant friend ? Or just right honourable friend ? Or right honourable gentleman ? The wet towels are out in St. Stephens, and wigs are on the green. But whatever happens, and whatever momentous decision is taken at this parting of the ways, we feel confident that the finest traditions of British statesmanship will be maintained. We would like to point out, however, that this crisis is as nothing to the crisis that will occur when a gentleman is elected to Parliament who is an Irish Marquess, a Privy Councillor, has been a Colonel, and is now an Urban Dean. We admit that the contingency is unlikely, but we stick to our ancient motto of " Be Prepared," and we think that a sub-committee ought to be set up to enquire into this tricky situation.

More Political Notes

IN the political situation at the moment there are wheels within wheels (whatever that venerable and totally inaccurate cliché may mean). There is a strong movement on foot to re-allot a number of constituencies so as to preserve a balance, or, as one might say, an equilibrium. Roughly speaking, in so far as we are capable of speaking roughly, the position is this : If the Liberal Nationals will consent to hand over some seats, which they do not yet hold, to the National Conservatives, then the National Labourists will surrender the right of contesting some constituencies, which they had decided not to contest anyway, to the National Liberals, thereby paving the way for a rapprochement with the Independent Radicals, who will, in return, be expected to shoot themselves. Anyway, it 's something like that.

Surely a Waste of Time

FANCY choosing the United States Treasury, of all places, to burgle ! We have heard such a lot about the deficit, and the unbalanced Budget, and what not, that it is perfectly obvious to those of us who are accustomed to think clearly and lucidly on financial matters that there simply couldn't have been any money in the Treasury. And yet, such is the ignorance of elementary currency problems among the criminal classes of that great country, that burglars the other day made a dart at the national sock with the intention of chiselling a wad of greenbacks out of the public. Finding, however, when it was too late, that they would have been better employed sitting round the old log-fire and reading Maynard Keynes or Sir Josiah Stamp on Monetary Theory for Tiny Tots, the

" Look, Aubrey, what I 've shot "

"Get out! How can I write love lyrics with you hanging around?"

miscreants displayed a sense of humour of a high order. Instead of being vexed with the Administration or irritated with the Treasury officials, they decided to remove the objets d'art from the showcase of the Secret Service. This they did successfully. There has been nothing like it since that man took such a mean advantage of the presence of five hundred uniformed policemen at Ascot, and walked off with the Gold Cup under his arm just as the favourite was passing the post

Simplicity Prize

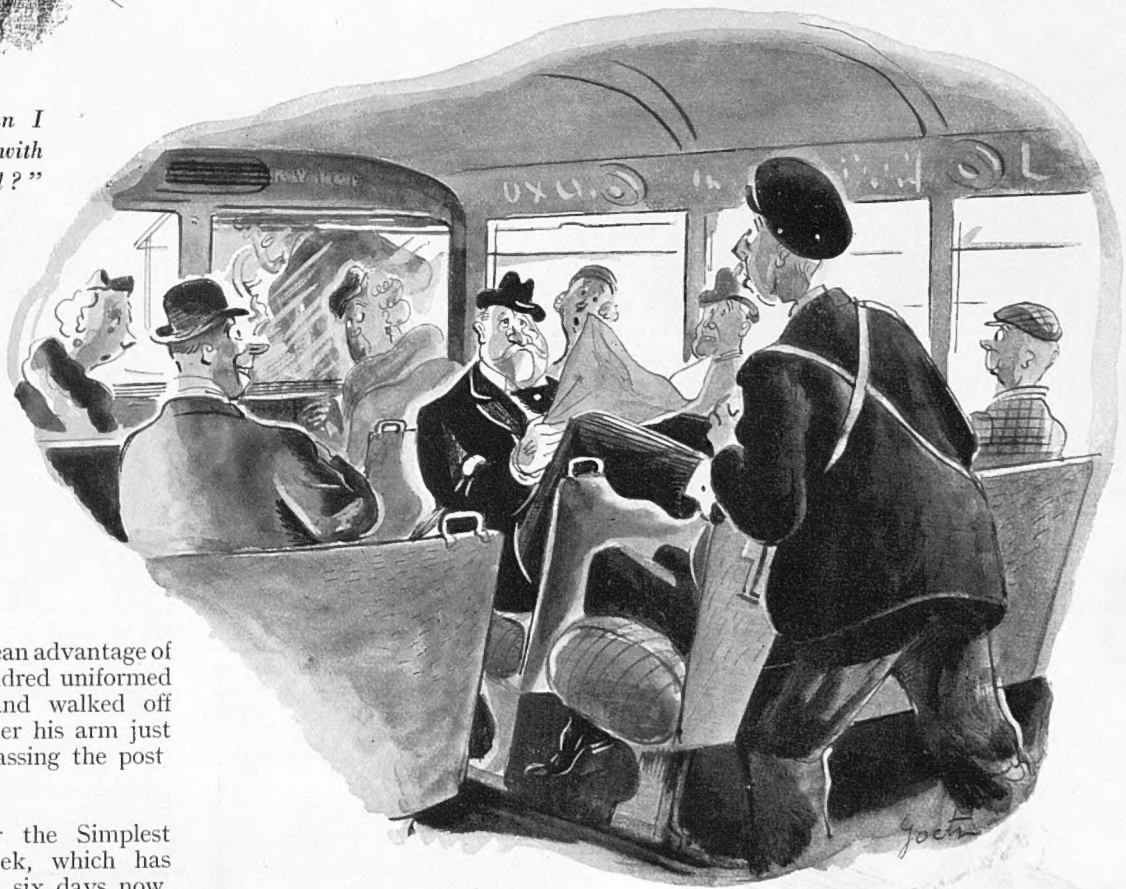
OUR competition for the Simplest Simon of the week, which has been running for about six days now, has brought in a large crop of entries (though we must warmly deny the story, maliciously circulated, we have no doubt, that Mr. Anthony Eden sent in an entry, and deposited him at our door in a plain van). The prize for this week is allotted to a gentleman who has sent us a pamphlet proving that the sun goes round the earth. In this pamphlet he makes this supreme remark: "I will quote a letter printed in *The Daily* ————, October 7th, 1931, to show that the earth is not supposed to revolve at more than 657.45 statute miles in about the same latitude." There is something magnificently like the *Hunting of the Snark* in this—"what I tell you three times is true" sort of thing. "I saw it in the correspondence column and that proves it." Our prize, a giant pumpkin, will be forwarded in due course to the giant bumpkin.

Naval Corner

THE Admiralty Manual of the Sperry Gyro Compass contains a pretty little description of that delightful variety of the fawn species, politicus gyroscopicus. "It turns a complete somersault in space once a day." Isn't that a perfect description? It is rather strange that the Admiralty, usually such accurate observers, have not added that this sweet little creature can often turn its coat while performing the somersault, and that this is a feat which no other animal can achieve.

Up-to-Date History

SO it was the women of Germany who lost the fairly recent Armageddon, and therefore must be punished for their atrocious behaviour. This is the theme of one of the Brown boys at a public meeting the other day. "German women," he shouted, "let us down by writing grumbling letters



"I always travel with my back to the engine"

to the gallant lads in the trenches. That is what lost the war." How right the man is! How truly noble in vision! A woman who grumbles when her babies are being starved and her husband killed is no patriot. And don't start any nonsense about the patriotism of the men who chucked fighting when the mails were full of grousing, or the common-sense of the men who started the whole thing, because we simply won't listen to you.

No Offence Meant

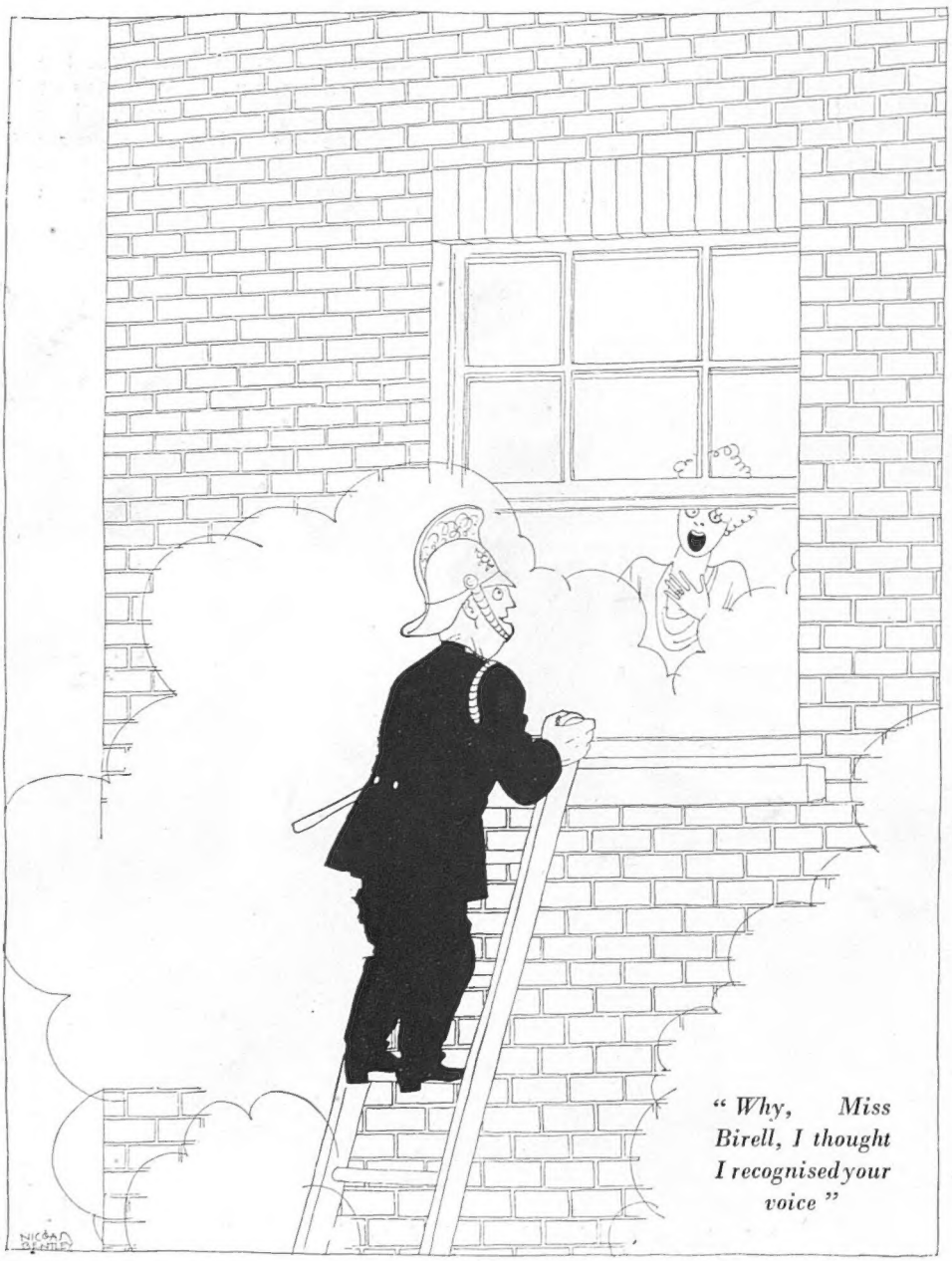
ELEVEN monkeys have escaped from Bristol, and the officials hold out small hopes of their capture. We have been doing our best to help the authorities in this matter, and have already provided some valuable clues. For instance, we are of the opinion that one of the fugitives took the chair last week at a Company meeting in Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street. At least, if it wasn't the fugitive, it was someone deucedly like it, and no monkey could have passed the dividend more quickly, ruled all remarks out of order more firmly, and slipped out of the back entrance with greater agility. And we could have sworn that we saw one of them rise to a point of order in the House of Commons during the debate on the Second Reading of the Musk-Rats (Registration of) Bill. But, so far, we have received no answers to our helpful letters.

Laugh, Please!

"SHE was literally bathed in a delicious perfume." Extract from a serial story. We sent this quotation on to our literary adviser, asking him to tell us exactly what the word "literally" means in this sentence. Our literary adviser has replied, "She was obviously swimming the Chanel."

Register Scorn, Please, Mein Herr

THE sale of picture-postcards in Munich has been forbidden if they represent a worthy citizen of that fair town burying his face in a quiet quart of beer. As for those which show a burgher standing on his doorstep, latch-key in hand, waiting to pounce upon his keyhole as it comes swinging round the square, they are complete anathema. "They are liable to give a wrong impression." And they are "detrimental to the reputation of the German farmer." All that seems to us to be perfectly sound reasoning. What defeats us is the warning to the public that if such cards are offered to them, they must "reject the offer with scorn." It is rumoured that, with complete and typical German thoroughness, professorship in "Scorn-registration" will be set up shortly in Bonn, Heidelberg, and other Universities.



"Why, Miss Birell, I thought I recognised your voice"

THESPÆANS

No 28. Mr. Owen Nares

THOSE members of the speaker sex
Who grow up fair of face,
Find looks an asset when the stage
They condescend to grace;
But men whose features thrill the soul
Of womenkind from Pole to Pole,
Find charm a trial on the whole
When they would win a place
Within the halls of Thespian fame
As actors worthy of the name.

It seems, if you 're Apollo-esque,
A part that calls for brain
And technique of the higher sort
You 'll seek for all in vain,
For people are too prone to say
" His métier 's a ' pretty ' play,
For idols of the matinée
Can't act for nuts, 'tis plain "—
A prejudice that 's oft side-tracked
Good-looking actors who would ACT.

Thus, Owen Nares for ages fought
To make the public see
Those parts that gave no scope at all
Were not for such as he;
That being thought " just too divine "
Was not at all his chosen line,
And struggled on till efforts fine
Were crowned with victory.
And now he fills a worthy place
Because he would NOT save his face.—B. W.

Ave et que Vale

A. H. EVANS is dead, at the age of seventy-five, one of the greatest amateur fast bowlers who has ever lived. What a family of athletes they are, those Evanses. Alfred, the fast bowler, shook the great Cambridge elevens of '78, '79 and '80 to the core, and in '81 he beat the Cambridge side almost single-handed, with his tremendous bowling. With A. G. Steel he bowled unchanged throughout a Gentlemen and Players match, an unique feat, and as "W. G." made 175, the Players had a very poor time of it. Alfred Evans's nephew was W. H. B. Evans, a superb all-rounder, and his eldest son is "Johnny," who batted for England in 1921, captained Kent, played rackets for Oxford, and is a magnificent golfer.

Peace be with you, Alfred Evans. You had a great heart.

THE BYSTANDERS.

The Youngest Generation

Two Girls, a Boy and Their Mothers

Photographs by Lenare and Tunbridge

Mrs. Arthur Paget and Rosalind

Above : Mrs. Arthur Paget is the wife of Capt. Arthur Paget, M.C. ; before her marriage in 1928 she was Miss Rosemary Lowry-Corry, and is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. Noel Lowry-Corry. Her attractive small daughter, Rosalind, was born in 1931, and she has a son, David, who is two years old. Mrs. Paget owns a dress-shop not far from Bond Street which has always been one of the most successful and least written-up of "society" businesses

Above, right : Mrs. Clive Shields is the wife of Mr. Clive Shields, son of Sir Douglas Shields, the famous surgeon, whose nursing home in Park Lane is one of the best known in London. Mrs. Shields was Miss Eileen Sharp before her marriage. Her son was born last year, and was christened Brian Douglas Clive. She and her husband, who is a B.M., B.Ch., M.R.C.S., and L.R.C.P., have a charming house in Royal Avenue, Chelsea

Right : Viscountess Bury, who married the Earl of Albemarle's eldest son as his second wife in 1931, was Miss Diana Grove, daughter of the late Major John A. Grove. Their daughter, Anne, was born in 1932. Lord Bury has three sons and two daughters by his first wife, who was the daughter of the late Marquess of Lincolnshire, and died in 1928. The Burys have a house in Prince's Gate as well as Eccles Hall, their place in Norfolk

Mrs. Clive Shields and Her Son

Viscountess Bury and Anne

O. Dunsmore (Foresters) just getting a putt down

Right: Alan Newey (Malvernians) just waiting — waiting

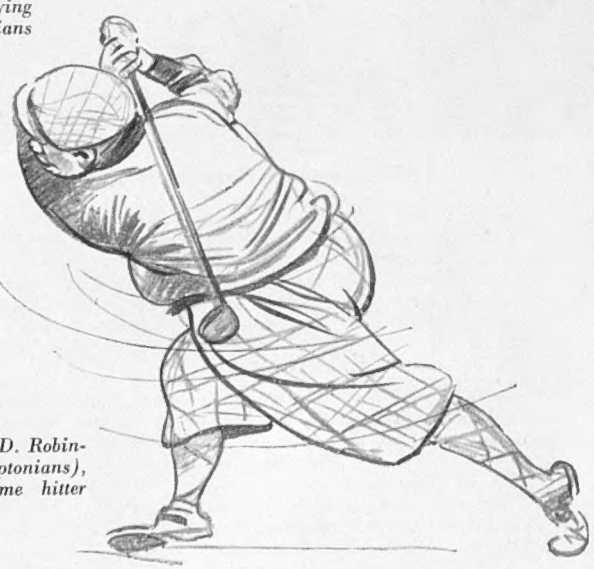
Left: H. M. Gow (Rugbeians) watching his old school tie fade

The Battling Bard: Sir E. W. E. Holderness caught playing for the Radleians

Expression of "King Kong" Middleton after a few "tops"

Here, above, we have Harry Hunter, the pro., still with the time-sheet—

—and Halford-Hewitt, shaking the light fantastic over the Old Carthusian victory



Right: W. D. Robinson (Reptonians), who is some hitter

The Halford-Hewitt Cup in Retrospect:

Lieut.-Col. H. S. Poyntz (Eastbournians) in his favourite stance on any tee

The Carthusians' Vulgar Boatmen: G. C. Weare and Cyril Woodbridge

David Hansen (Lancing) just misses one

Major A. C. McLachlan (Cheltonians) hooking them out to sea, while his partner, R. H. de Montmorency, is all set for a 73

Right: Bernard Drew, the Deal Secretary, having a quick breather

C. D. Gray (Harrovians): "This will not do, Mr. Gray; your tummy and weight have been moving in the direction of the 19th"

Watsonian "Tony" Torrance helps the other side a bit by very kindly holing their ball for them

Far-Far-South: by Dr. "Nansen" Morrison. Décor by Frigidaire

Some of its features depicted by our special artist, H. H. Harris

"For God's Sake Hurry Up"

The Fiend of the Family

Sybil Thorndike double-faced in "Double Door"

Above: An impression by Edward Merritt of Sybil Thorndike as Victoria Van Brett, a boastful, blue-blooded American who regards as all in the day's work the murder of a sister-in-law. On the left is a scene from the play "Double Door," at the Globe Theatre: Charles Lefeaux (Edward Mortimer), Sebastian Shaw (Dr. John Sully), Christine Silver (Caroline Van Brett), Owen Nares (Robert Van Brett), and Sybil Thorndike (Victoria Van Brett) outside the strong-room, while the victim (Carol Goodner) is within

Westminster Whispers : Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

MY namesake of wireless fame is to be silent for two months. It will take another kind of scaffolding to keep me quiet. To-day people are more interested in politics and politicians than they have ever been. And, be it said, if we cannot compare our big men with the giants of former days, our back-benchers at least can hold their own against any rivals, resurrected or otherwise.

OF course, there are the lazy-bones; witness the many answers by Ministers recently, recommending the inquisitive ones to turn up the Government publications they ought to have known about and consulted in the first place. But the stream of blue books and white papers, journals and gazettes, reports and memoranda is never ending, and the average Member is kept hard at it simply to prevent himself from being swamped.

I HAVE some admiration for Mr. Herbert Williams, the Member for South Croydon. I have pulled his leg on this page before now. But he does do his job, he knows his facts and, what is more, he knows where to go to get them. When he was made Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade in the last Conservative Government his was a popular appointment, because it was a definite recognition of merit. There is still too much of the old school tie about the Conservative Party. But now Mr. Williams goes too far. He cannot forget his second name is Geraint. He cannot refrain from playing the rôle of prize boy in the class. He always knows how, when, where, why. But sometimes one does wish that he didn't!

MR. WILLIAMS has plenty to say, especially on Friday mornings. But that is not against him. Some Members have nothing to say at all. I gave up hope of Sir Paul Latham a long time ago; but there are Mr. Hubert Duggan and Mr. Loel Guinness; other Parliamentary Private Secretaries speak, why shouldn't they? I don't know why Captain Sidney Herbert bothered to come back to Parliament, and I had quite forgotten that Sir John Power has been there for ten years.

I AM not pining for a spate of oratory—Heaven forefend! but the electors do not expect their representatives, I am sure, to adhere rigidly to the gold standard. A happy bimetalism, speech and silence, is all that they look for. Incidentally, the Privy Councillors in the House are decidedly of the silver school.

THE Member for Ebbw Vale really let himself go the week we rose for Easter. Mr. Aneurin Bevan ran true to form with a vengeance. "Humbugs" were all over the place, coupled with "you" Ministers; there was sarcasm and invective. It was a fine Celtic performance, of value to the Unemployment Bill nil; but doubtless Mr. Bevan's constituents were thrilled and delighted.

MR. BEVAN disappoints. When he was elected in 1929, and, in his first speech, set the Lobbies talking of another Lloyd George, he appeared to be a young man with a purpose. Now he has lost his spontaneity. It strikes me that he straddles along. What is the reason?

The Prize Boy of the Class

Mr. Herbert Williams, "who does do his job; who knows his facts, and, what is more, knows where to get them. He cannot refrain from playing the rôle of the prize boy in the class. He always knows how, when, where, why." This description is given him by our Parliamentary Correspondent, "Big Ben," and our artist here shows Mr. Baldwin, as the headmaster, patting—not smacking—him on the head

THE atmosphere of the House of Commons may have something to do with it. No one who has not worked in the House, day in day out, can realise its airlessness and how enervating it is. You can almost see the energy being sapped out of the young men. Some of the Ministers have rooms which are shamefully no bigger than cupboards, but the private Member has nowhere at all to take his visitors, if they do not want a meal or he doesn't want to give them one, except to a room (it does sympathetically have the attraction of a bar) which looks more like a bathroom than anything else, down on the Terrace. Correspondence and conversation conducted in passages are inclined to be drafty.

HAMMERSMITH has made its choice. I know of one or two candidates who went and listened and hurried away. The conditions were on a generous scale. Captain Percy Davis comes from Deal. It is a wood to make play with. He himself made a splash over D.O.R.A. two years ago; protested at the Albert Hall. The lady is still with us. Captain Davis goes marching on. But Hammersmith isn't interested in restrictions. It is interested in restorations. Not in licences, but in allowances.

I AM afraid we shall have the usual letters to the candidate. We always do; and they are such a farce. Every elector in the country must know by now that Messrs. MacDonald, Baldwin and Simon (and Henderson, for that matter) have nothing to do with them. They are the product of Party headquarters. Kept in reserve, they might well be invaluable. Distributed wholesale, as they are, they are a steadily depreciating asset approaching the liability line.

THE picture of the Chancellor, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, fishing was to my simple mind, a delightfully naïve pre-Budget pose. We might have more on the same lines: Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister trying out his new lift, after the Birthday Honours; Mr. Walter Elliot in his bacon balloon rivalling Professor Picard; Mr. Runciman felling the wood of Protection to give his Trade Agreements saplings a chance; Sir Samuel Hoare seeing what can be done with a needle and cotton; and, a glimpse into the future, the Prime Minister, waiting anxiously, though with resolution, for his holiday post.

C

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 45.

Elisabeth Bergner

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

ELISABETH BERGNER is a beautiful blue-stocking. Austrian, of course. Jewish, too. But she left Germany long before Hitler appeared. For a year she has lived in London. For a year before that she lived in Paris. Paul Czinna, the film-director, is her husband. They live in Park Street. Bergner is no comet. She studied at the Conservatoire, made her début in Switzerland, and became a sensational success nine years ago in *St. Joan*. From that time she has never looked back. Her Portia is said to be the most memorable within living times. So is her Rosalind. But her Juliet—true, the house was sold out in advance for a hundred nights—is said to be execrable. She says so herself.

Her greatest admirer is Lord D'Abernon, and what Lord D'Abernon does not know about the Arts is not worth knowing. Bergner is Box-Office. Moreover, she has a supreme contempt for "Art for Art's sake." She has wit, a love of beauty, of comfort, and of music to a degree only attained by Viennese. She adores Queen's Hall. If anything, she is too clever for most people. Like Printemps, she rests most of the day. Her concentration on her part is terrific. Her range is remarkable. One of her greatest successes was in the name-part of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*.

SHE does not really like films. ("It is so hard to be imaginative in snippets.") She hates being interviewed. She has never played in a Coward play. They adore her at the theatre. She has been to see Printemps—once. Printemps has been to see her—once. They both admire each other enormously, though probably Bergner's admiration for Printemps is greater than Printemps' for her.

What else? Well, if you haven't been to see her in *Escape Me Never*, or *Catherine the Great*, you had better do so. She can do more with her eyes than the average actress can do with her hands, mouth, and all the rest of her, working overtime. Quality is like an elephant—difficult to describe, but easy to recognise. Bergner has quality.

"Indoor Fireworks," at the Aldwych

Dreadful result of the intrusion of a Press photographer into the domestic life of the Parry family when asking them to "Smile, please"—an unaccustomed exercise. L. to r., Cissy (Mary Brough), Mrs. Parry (Lady Tree), Peter (Harold Warrender), Jan (Jack Hawkins), Teddy (Reginald Gardiner), Eleanor (Joyce Barbour), and Christina (Fay Compton)

Second Thoughts on First Nights

"Indoor Fireworks" (Aldwych)

IF the tired business man isn't *too* tired, this is the kind of farcical pain-killer that ought to shape itself into something like the outlines of Nirvana when viewed through the smoke-screen of a decent cigar. Most of the humour springs from the brusque back-answer, beaten, like a shuttlecock, across the net of family discord.

The Parry home (with a view of Cambridge from the bottom of the garden) is a continuous battlefield of petty strife. Whenever the author (Arthur Macrae) senses a flat-spot in the wooing of a divorced actress by an eligible Marquis (whose mother gets tipsy at a college ball and is blackmailed into consent by the actress's first husband), he collects the family together and hurls them at each other's throats. When they are not making headway with an apple-pudding and a bag of liquorice assorted, they just bicker and say the sort of rude things which make you laugh against your better nature. There 's nothing sillier or more exhausting than a family row, when you're in it yourself. But a real good quarrel (in which even the cook can join) is just about as fool-proof on the stage as a court scene.

Hammered out by such engaging disputants as Fay Compton, Lady Tree, Reginald Gardiner, Jack Hawkins, Harold Warrender, Joyce Barbour, Henrietta Watson, and Denys Blakelock, the insults and the face-slapping seem pretty good of their kind. Most of these clever people, I thought, got a bit tired of the back-chat before the end, but it was wonderful how they stood the racket. Miss Compton's clothes ranged from tennis trousers to a Nell Gwynne affair; Mr. Warrender banged his head twice against the French window; Lady Tree drifted and swooned from porch to sofa; and as a lady journalist-photographer, Rosalind Atkinson chased absurdity with a two-edged sword of caricature. The audience liked it all very much, but as tired business men go, I think I must have gone too tired.

"Sporting Love" at the Gaiety

Laddie Cliff and Vera Bryer supply some snappy steps in this funny, knockabout show

"Sporting Love" (Gaiety)

PUNS, gags, knock-about, a chorus song for whistlers, a caution in the programme to prospective unravellers of the plot, a chorus dressed by Doris Zinkeisen, suitable music by Billy Mayerl, Laddie Cliff, gone in the larynx but nimble as a cat in the legs, Stanley Lupino himself at the top of his form—here we are again, being whirled into lunacy by a company of try-hards who know their stuff.

This time Lupinoville is one of those mortgaged country mansions where aunts arrive with wedding cheques and forget to sign them; butlers behave strangely; young women dressed as jockeys flock in through the windows; young men pretend to be married to their own and anybody else's fiancées, and a potential Derby winner languishes in a loose-box under the threat of foreclosure. Throw in a vaguely Lonsdalian peer, a comic wooer with a toupé (Wyn Weaver), a lost sweepstake ticket, a filly sent to Epsom by mistake, and you 've no idea at all of who 's engaged or related to who and what all this disarming nonsense is about. Mr. Lupino is everywhere all the time, and if you can stand the pace, Bedlam holds no more consummate buffoon. In the sex-appeal department you can choose between Vera Bryer (brunette), Marjorie Browne (red-headed, and proud of it), and Jenny Dean, a pert blonde with a retroussée appeal that is not to be denied.

TRINCULO.

Towers of Strength in "Sporting Love"

Stanley Lupino, having just suffered a fall from a horse, falls again directly afterwards for a feminine blonde (Jenny Dean)

D

Miss Victoria Fuller, at the 2nd Cavalry Brigade Meeting at Windmill Hill, on Salisbury Plain, wore a green off-the-face hat. She is Sir Gerard Fuller's youngest sister, lives in Wiltshire, and takes her racing with enthusiasm

Miss Diana Lambton, Colonel the Hon. Charles Lambton's daughter, was looking very neat and business-like, as a member of her family should, at the Vine Point-to-Point, which was held at For Down on Easter Monday

Lady Mary Egerton marking her card at the Vine Point-to-Point. She is the third of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere's six daughters and a first cousin of Miss Lambton

GOING OUT

"The Bystander" in Society

BEING one of the large proportion of emigrés from London to Le Touquet for Easter, I feel that there must be a Continental atmosphere about this week's homily. It was as if Mayfairers had been quietly transported over the Channel, and just went on seeing their own friends and cronies, but, with the very great additional attractions so thoughtfully provided by the Administrateur Délégué de la Société des Grands Etablissements du Touquet Paris Plage. And those who have occasionally seen the endorsements on their cheques will have little difficulty in recognising this rather florid term for—the Casino. In England, although we may have many excellent golf-courses and some good hotels, we have no casinos. For this reason, and this one alone, we all flock to France: not even the greatest financial boob could flatter himself that the exchange is much in our favour. The aviation companies are making a great effort to brighten our trips across the Channel. Banco run an excellent service, with red-haired Paddy Naismith acting as aeroplane hostess; and she is really helpful.

ROULETTE was popular, although the French Home Office official must have missed his train on Friday, as the game did not start till Saturday. The game has to shut down at 2 a.m., and this French official, who was about as big as a bee's claw, seemed to take a great delight in exercising his authority. The golf-courses were playing very well, so was Mr. Bob Foster. In one match he gave Mr. Edward Robson (whose lead all followed at roulette) two strokes a hole, and the ladies' tees at the long holes, and beat him. He had some great matches with Messrs. Beverley Baxter, Roy Fox, and Mark Ostrer—"Bax" did not find his best golfing form until rather too late. Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes, although hailing from such a golfing centre as Biarritz, did not seem to realise that girlish laughter makes a rather distracting accompaniment to a men's foursome, of whom Captain Jock Campbell was one. Mr. Eskdale Fishburn's grey open Rolls was certainly the most popular taxi in the town. It invariably carried about eight passengers, including a small bucket and spade presented to him by an unknown admirer. "Feesh-cakes," as he is affectionately called by Lili Damita, who was also there, has now gone on to Majorca with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hanké (June Child as was) and her great friend, Miss Bunting Stephenson. Lady Furness, who has a villa on the edge of the golf-course, was quite the most admired of the English visitors, and nobody has ever seen Lord Furness looking as happy as he does.

THE Casino was, of course, the scene of several incidents, luckily mostly on the happy side. Let us warn intending visitors *not* to wear tail-coats and white ties. And, remembering ties, one noticed how many of Mr. "Jimmy" Rutland's friends kept asking him if he was going to play a lot of cricket this season, thinking that he was wearing an I. Zingari tie. But he assured them that it was the tie of the 2nd Battalion of the Gloucesters, of which the colours are so similar that a member of "I. Z." went up and asked him to play in a match. Ambrose was one of the biggest gamblers at the tables: he had usually sitting at his elbow Betty Hamilton, of the first edition of "Les Girls." Mr. Geoffrey Raphael also played at the big table, with Margot Haller, of the second edition of "Les Girls," usually at his elbow. Quite the nicest gambler against whom to play at the big table, I am told, was Mrs. Mark Ostrer. Let us hope she won. Others who played fairly high were Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Morton, Mr. Hugh Campbell, Mr. Edward Robson, and, not quite so high, "Casino Kate," who returns like a butterfly each spring; Lady Sheila Durlacher, Lady Hindlip, and the group of Warwickshire-ites, the Gordon Kirkpatricks, and the Arthur Smith-Binghams, who played family foursomes on the golf-course each afternoon. Other personalities were "Georges," at the Casino bar; the starter on the golf-course (without his straw—it was too windy), and our general benefactor, M. Aboudaram, who, besides having a lovely wife, is the head of the Casino, and runs the Westminster Hotel.

MR. PEEPS

TO GOINGS-ON

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Woman to Woman

LIKE other "gossips," we are still searching for a "Whigham" for 1934 among the new entry of débutantes. Lady Gloria Vaughan might fill the post. She is a daughter of Lord and Lady Lisburne and, among her qualifications, is dark, vivacious and terribly attractive—in fact, is almost as lovely as her mother was when she and her sister together were two of the most breath-taking girls that entered a London ball-room. Lady Gloria and her brother, Lord Vaughan, and her sister, Honor, are known as Glory, Lord and Honour. The youngest deb. this year is only sixteen, and that is Miss Nefertari Bethell, who is a mass of blonde curls and definitely easy to look at.

LADY MILBANKE was seen lunching at Ciro's the other day, and had on a most original hat ornament. It was a brace (or would it be "couple"?) of diamond kangaroos, which, she was good enough to explain, reminded her of her grandfather and grandmother. She is an Australian by birth, in case you 've missed the joke.

TWO of the most attractive and most modern houses in London are to be found in Trafalgar Square, Chelsea. One belongs to Lord Vernon, and the other to Freda Lady Forres, and they were both designed by Mr. Oliver Hill. Lady Forres' house is long, low, white, and only two storeys high. It has shuttered French windows opening on to an enchanting formal garden with pink-washed walls all round it, and at one end a figure sculptured by Lady Forres herself. There is a studio, too, that looks on to a blue pool, and has a ceiling of bright red, and white walls. The owner's bed-room is most attractive with ivory polished walls and ivory Chinese silk curtains painted by George Sheringham.

THE Ritz the other morning before lunch was, as usual, a centre of fashion, gaiety and "goings-on." Lady Milford Haven must be one to be mentioned for fashion, in her mink coat and black dress and hat. Her good looks always stand out in a crowd. Mrs. Jules Thompson was there, wearing a brown Glen Urquhart check skirt with a plain brown three-quarter length coat and a mushroom-hat to match. She will always be remembered for wearing for ages the kind of hats that one used to get completely inside and disappear, but she has had to give them up and follow the present fashion. She was greeting female friends at short, sharp intervals. The Ranee of Sarawak, with her younger daughter and a girl friend, was gaily tossing down a long bright-green drink. Lady Stanley, in dyed ermine and turquoise-blue, was surrounded by very young men.

Brigadier-General Ronald Cheape was to be seen down from the Highlands, and although he had remembered to leave his hat and coat (if any) in the cloak-room, he firmly stuck to his walking-stick. Not that he needs it for any reasons of infirmity, but it is obviously a great friend that he has not the smallest intention of being parted from. We wonder if he takes it into drawing-rooms of private houses!

MRS. ANGUS FERGUSON, whose husband is Chief Constable of Northamptonshire, was with him, clutching an enormous leather shopping bag. Lady Warwick walked through as if looking for someone, and so did "P.S.," ear-rings and all. Mr. Rex Colclough and Miss Iris Ashley kept on coming in and going out, and eventually decided on the former. Mr. Rupert Belleville and Mrs. Montague were busy at one of the writing-tables, and we suggest they were making a plot to go flying together. Sir Henry Streatfeild was giving drinks to his married daughter, Mrs. John Hallet, and her husband; he eventually went off in one direction with his son-in-law, while his daughter left by the other exit. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton was another we could not fail to see, wearing navy blue with fox fur dyed the same colour, and with a dog (breed unknown) on the end of a string in one hand, while, clutched in the other, were two most enormous photographs of John Loder, which she eventually displayed to a girl friend.

MRS. PEEPS

Late-night faces at the Florida: Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey dancing with Douglas Byng, and (right) Lord and Lady Northesk

Left: Miss Pamela Nicholl, Mrs. Peter Horlick's sister, watching the cabaret at the Savoy. She is wearing a silver fox cape, and one of the lucky-charm bangles that are the fashionable superstition of the moment

Above: Lady Charles Cavendish, gay and cheerful as usual, clapping the cabaret at the Savoy

The Hon. Hamish St. Clair-Erskine looking pensive at a cocktail-party

Captain Clausen and Miss Pamela Cayzer, Sir Herbert and Lady Cayzer's elder daughter, at the H. H. Point-to-Point at Norton Farm

Mr. Paul Henry, Mr. George Rodwell, Miss Alethea Lloyd, and Miss Vera St. John at the hunter trials held on that cold, grey day, Easter Monday, at the Remount Depot, Melton, by the Melton Mowbray Horse Show and Trials Society

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Price were back from their honeymoon in time for the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) point-to-point at Cirencester

Horse Events Over Easter: Two Point-to-Points and Some Hunter Trials

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

THE Grand National invariably brings in its train an orgy of inaccuracies in the daily Press, but I think the front-page story which described Miss Dorothy Paget as tall, slim, fair and outspoken takes the cake. I need hardly tell you that Miss Paget is of medium height, plump, dark, and never says a word.

THE writer must obviously have been thinking of the dashing blonde Lygon girls. Now all susceptible young men inevitably think about the D.B.L.G.s and see the world through rose-coloured glasses, but I have yet to meet the young man who had got it so badly that he thought Miss Paget was slim and fair.

WHEN I walked in my garden and found that the first snowdrop had pushed its tiny head through the frozen ground, I realised, with a sigh of relief, that winter was on the wane, and that spring was near at hand. When I visited a racecourse and found that Lord Carnarvon was back among us, I gave a tiny cry of joy, realising that summer was very near.

YOU may think me an old-fashioned little thing, still adhering to the time-worn axiom of—

"Ne'er cast a clout
Till Carnarvon's about"

but it would take far more than your ridicule to cause me to doubt the truth of this old-world saying, which has, from childhood, governed my life.

ILLNESS prevented Lord Carnarvon from riding at Liverpool, the Mecca of all good riders, but I trust that we shall soon see him going round again in those flat races confined to amateurs which are the backbone of racing. We welcome him back; his enthusiasm is infectious and his popularity and sense of humour never failing.

STEEPLECHASING is over for the season and anything in connection with it is stale

Enter Kempton—Exit 'Chasing

news. At the risk of boring you, however, I am going to recount one incident, which took place at the conclusion of the Grand National, which everyone should hear of.

BILLY STOTT hurt his shoulder badly when Pelorus Jack fell, and he walked back to the weighing-room in great pain. This did not prevent him walking into the unsaddling enclosure and shaking hands with Miss Paget. Many a jockey who had been "taken off," as Billy was a year ago, would never have spoken to the owner again, but there is no room for jealousy or bitter feelings in the heart of Billy Stott.

I will conclude my remarks on jumping for this season by saying that when you and I, and two-thirds of the present-day jockeys are dead and forgotten, people will still talk of Billy Stott, the greatest sporting hero of modern times. Real heroes, like Stott, are found about once in a generation, and they are never forgotten.

KEMPTON provided Londoners with their first taste of flat-racing this year, and right good use they made of it, too. I have never seen more people in the spacious stands. Kempton hands out the goods and, since the "tragic" fire which demolished those old-world affairs which passed for stands, is the most comfortable course in the country and deserves all the success that comes its way.

THE Rosebery Stakes and the Queen's Prize both provided great races, while the winning platers, thanks to Sir Wyndham Portal and one or two others, provided the Executive and the owners of the seconds with a pretty little surplus.

IT is always a great pleasure to meet that fine judge of a good thing, Sir Wyndham Portal, on a racecourse, and during our long acquaintance I have never known him pick a wrong 'un, and now I lean on his judgment more and more.

SIR WYNDHAM is particularly fortunate. That yawning gulf which separates our liability to our bookmaker and our capacity for settling has no terrors for him, as he is always able to bridge it with a few home-made fivers.

THE victory of a smart two-year-old, in King Stefan, on Easter Monday was very popular. King Stefan was a good favourite, and backers, after their severe reverse over Brunswick, were beginning to get the pip, hence the popularity of a winning favourite.

KING STEFAN is the first horse owned by Miss Sheila Roche—yet another instance of novice's luck—and racegoers will welcome her to our already long list of fair owners.

THERE is no racing journalist for whom I have a greater respect than my old friend "Guardrail," of the *Tatler*, and in company with the rest of you I rush each week to see what he has to say about it. I have much pleasure in announcing that he has accepted my challenge to nominate twelve horses to follow for the remainder of the season for a magnum of Pommery 1921.

THESE horses are to be backed on a level stake, and the one whose horses show the biggest loss pays for the magnum. I commence my list with "Grimey" Whitelaw's Ophelia Bush, 2 years, which, I am assured, will win races when her shrewd owner has her up to scratch, and the other eleven are:

Totaig	5 years.	Lone Isle	6 years.
Town Crier	4 ,,	Red Horizon	5 ,,
Faria	4 ,,	Rockswallow filly	2 ,,
Loosestrife	5 ,,	Myrrh	2 ,,
Lo Zingaro	3 ,,	Goose Quill	2 ,,
Labour Member	3 ,,		

Mr. Jimmy Rutland, Mrs. Spencer, Colonel Lawrence, and Mr. Ivor Maclaren settling up debts, or maybe counting their money before the long-awaited first roulette session, which was held on the Saturday afternoon

On a golf-course instead of a race-course—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham in a, for them, comparatively unusual photographic setting

Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge and Mrs. Roland Lawrence sitting in the sun outside the Hermitage at cocktail-time. Mrs. Lawrence is one of Sir Charles Addis's large family

The Hon. Elizabeth Brand, Miss Hewett, and Mr. Ian Lyle starting off on an Easter week-end round of golf

Mrs. Freddy White, who flies regularly from Heston, was one of the air-arrivals at Le Touquet. She was Miss Lois Russell before her marriage. She is with Mr. Nigel Battine, who used to be in the Navy, and is a very good tennis player

Mrs. Battine took her "British-warm" across the Channel, and not without justification. With her is Lady Hindlip

"English Colony"

Golf and Gambling at Le Touquet

Miss E. M. Dearman, who was beaten by Mrs. King (right) in the final of the Hampstead Hard Courts Tournament by 6—2, 6—2. Miss Dearman, with Mrs. Shepherd-Barron, carried off the ladies' doubles

Women in the Saddle

Women competitors in the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Race taking the first fence at the Berks and Bucks Staghounds Point-to-Point Steeplechases at Sonning Park, Goring, a race won by the Hon. Mrs. D. A. Murray on Mr. Jest

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

MR. TOM WEBSTER, king-pin of sports cartoonists, very amiably takes me to task about certain comments of mine on the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. "Bless you," he says, "but how wrong you are! Carpentier's great punch came in the second round, and Dempsey told me afterwards that it was the hardest punch he ever took."

Well, I accept the correction gratefully; it was the second round, of course, and I will only plead that I had the story of Dempsey declaring that he did not feel the punch from a man who knew Dempsey well and was present at the fight. Even more interesting, though, is the theory advanced by another eye-witness, who writes to say that when Carpentier landed that blow, Dempsey instinctively hit himself on the other side of the jaw, thus neutralising the effect. I have checked this up with a distinguished surgeon, and although it sounds fantastic, I am assured that there is nothing medically improbable about it. It is true that a knock-out blow to the side of the jaw may be neutralised by a punch to the corresponding spot on the other side of the jaw, and if Dempsey knew this and acted upon it he was an even greater fighter than we realised. You may be inclined to scoff at the suggestion, but ask a doctor, and see what he says about it. Some of our heavy-weights, at any rate, will have plenty of opportunities for experimenting with the theory.

Incidentally, Jack Doyle is now being overwhelmed with advice by the experts. He must fight more often, they say; he must go steadily, and learn more about boxing before he takes the ring; he must not fly too high, and Ben Foord is too good for him yet awhile; he must meet the best men available, and be prepared to learn from defeat. Very confusing for him, though he takes it all very calmly, and combines lucrative music-hall engagements with the business of arranging future contests. I wonder how Doyle would fare against Don McCorkindale, that strong and crafty South African? Certainly I agree with those who maintain that a series of easy fights against inexperienced opponents will do him no good, but, rather, will tend to make him think that his punch is sufficient, and that he has nothing to learn.

TURNING to another branch of warfare, already the sensationalists are working up the interest in the coming visit of the Australian cricketers. Dark hints of M.C.C. pressure upon Douglas Jardine appear in the newspapers; even darker hints of Downing Street concern for the relations between Australia and the Mother Country enliven our breakfast-tables. This is all, in my opinion, so much nonsense, and very unfortunate nonsense at that. I don't for one moment believe that Douglas Jardine is the man to submit to pressure of any kind. If he has his own good reasons for not wishing to captain England against Australia that is all there is to it, and there is no need to go probing for other explanations of his letter to the authorities. I am sure the public will resent this approach to the coming Tests, this stirring-up of trouble. Surely we may as well

Right: a group of well-known golfers at the Royal Porthcawl Golf Club, which is the first South Wales course chosen for the British Women's Open Golf Championship. L. to R., Mrs. Selwyn R. Martin, Sir Robert J. Webber, J.P., Miss O. Kay, J. G. Hutcheson, the Royal Porthcawl Golf Club's veteran professional, Miss B. Gainsford, Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp, and Miss Barbara Pyman

Personalities Pictured at Porthcawl

oint-to-Point Races

Above, right centre: the Hon. Mrs. D. A. Murray (the married sister of Lord Cowdray, winner of the race depicted on the left, where she can be seen on the horse fourth from the camera), with Mr. J. Hanbury

Miss Betty Robertson with More Allowance, on which she won the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Race at the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt Point-to-Point Races at Oatridge, Uphall, Linlithgowshire

Miss P. Burrell (Northumberland), photographed after winning the Ladies' Race on Billy Dear II., at the Border Hunts Point-to-Point Races at East Learmouth, Cornhill-on-Tweed, the largest point-to-point meeting on the Border

make up our minds that there is no reason in the world why the Tests should not be played in the best of spirits. If we look for trouble so soon we may be sure that it will come, and we have had enough trouble to last us for a long time.

I AM sorry, though, that Jardine has cried off, for we have no other captain who can truly be called great. There are several candidates—Wyatt, Walters, and Valentine among them—but a correspondent reminds me that we must not overlook the claims of Percy Chapman. That is true enough: if Chapman really did return to form he would be the obvious choice from every point of view. Possibly we shall have some news quite soon, and on Thursday the names of the Selectors will be announced. They will be, I fancy, Sir Stanley Jackson, Mr. P. A. Perrin, and Mr. T. A. Higson, an admirable trio.

Bobby Jones Back Again

TALKING of events on Thursday reminds me that Len Harvey is due to fight Jimmy Tarante that evening at the Albert Hall. Tarante is an American negro with a most awkward crouching, swaying style, and he may give Harvey quite a lot of trouble. I admire the way Harvey takes on all comers, though, and it will be surprising if he does not beat Tarante quite comfortably. I rather think, indeed, that the supporting fight between young Ben Foord and Eddie Phillips, of Bow, will be better fun to watch, and we shall be anxious to see whether Foord has suffered any ill-effects from the hammering Jack Peterson gave him.

AND what about the proposed match between Harry Mizler and Kid Berg for the light-weight championship? There you would have the boxer and the fighter in opposition with a vengeance, and I wish sometimes that Mizler could be a little more destructive than he is, for all that beautiful left-hand stuff of his. Anyway, I think Jimmy Walsh, the Chester boy who so unexpectedly beat Mizler a short while ago, has first claims to a tilt at the title.

Left: Horton Smith, winner of the Masters' Invitation Golf Tournament at Augusta, Ca., being congratulated by Bobby Jones, who returned to competitive golf on this occasion after four years' inactivity, but failed to win

BY the time you read these notes the Cambridge University Rugby team, which is touring America, will have played its first match against Harvard, and to-morrow will be meeting Princeton. Then, on Thursday, comes a fixture with Yale, and finally, a game against an "All Eastern XV." at New York.

This tour may do a great deal to popularise Rugby football in America; though, if I know anything about it, the Cambridge boys will be surprised at the strength, if not the skill, of the opposition. For my sins I once played against an American University team, and what they lacked in knowledge of the finer points they made up in heartiness. There was a particularly devastating sort of torpedo tackle which they exploited, which consisted of a headlong dive for the knees and then a roll of the body, which tended to put the knees out of joint. Tough stuff, that was, and it will be interesting to hear the Cambridge opinion of American Rugby football.

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Mr. Rory Cameron, Lady Furness, Lord Furness and Mrs. Julian Lezard sitting in the sun and watching other people driving their golf balls down the fair-way on Easter Sunday

Miss Bunting Stephenson, Mr. Hugo Brassey and Miss Lili Damita were three more good-looking people who divided their week-end between the golf-course and the Casino

Easter Exodus

Le Touquet Again

Left: Mrs. Malcolm Gladstone and Lady Sheila Durlacher, Lady Moira Combe's younger sister, made a nice brunette-blonde couple of young-marrieds

Lady Willoughby de Broke, who played at the big table in the Casino, and Major John Musker looking golf-wards

On their way in to lunch after the morning's work on the golf-course: Mr. Kenneth Wagg, Mr. Robert Clive, Mrs. Kenneth Wagg and Mrs. Nettlefold. Mrs. Wagg was there to watch and not to play

Lady Willoughby de Eresby, before her marriage the Hon. Major John Musker's wife,

Mrs. Geoffrey Bishop and Mrs. Leonard Partridge, who was Mrs. Olive Pearce, keeping out of the wind

Mrs. Richard Tillotson, a very neat and attractive Canadian, Mr. Eskdale Fishburn, temporarily parted from his famous large grey Rolls, Mrs. Richard Taylor, who was Miss Grant Richards, and Captain Jock Campbell

Mrs. Tony Agar, Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston and the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell transplanted themselves to Le Touquet, in company with some hundreds of other inhabitants of Mayfair

Mr. A. M. ("Buster") Weber Brown was one of the usual large Stock Exchange contingent; with him is his attractive wife, who used to be Miss Joan Gilliland

another of last year's brides, and Phyllis Astor, and Mrs. Musker, formerly Miss Elizabeth Loeffler

Three cricketers who can play golf too: Mr. Frank Gilligan (Essex), Mr. B. H. Lyon (Gloucester) and Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan (Sussex and England)

Mrs. Ralph Hanké, Miss June Child that was, and Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes complete the who's who of the great Easter rush over the Channel

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Halford-Hewitt in Retrospect

A Deal Flash-Back: Halford-Hewitt Finalists

FINAL.—Old Carthusians beat Old Watsonians 4—1. *L. to r., standing:* P. H. F. White, F. G. C. Weare, R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, C. Middleton, E. M. Prain, H. C. Longhurst, Dr. Stuart Nimmo, Dr. A. R. McCallum, J. Brock. *Seated:* J. H. Thompson, T. A. Bourn, J. B. Beck, J. S. F. Morrison, C. F. Woodbridge, Halford-Hewitt, T. A. Torrance, J. Marshall-Thomson, W. B. Torrance, W. Murray, W. C. White. *Seated on ground:* Ben Travers (the dramatist), E. Hunter, R. A. McKinna

Sir George and Lady Langton, who had an Easter golfing holiday at Le Touquet

Captain Kyle and Lord Willoughby de Broke on their way to the links at Le Touquet

LAST week I was able to talk generally on the subject of the Halford-Hewitt Cup, but not to give you the final result, or, in fact, to discuss any round subsequent to the Saturday morning.

You have all heard by now that the Old Watsonians achieved a very meritorious performance in reaching the final of the competition at the first time of endeavour. It is perfectly true that they had a remarkably efficient side, but even so, to succeed so well at such an early stage of their Halford-Hewitt Cup history is a very fine achievement, and one on which every individual member of the side deserves the highest congratulations. They came down in the final with rather a crash before the big guns of the Old Carthusians, who achieved their third victory in the tournament, and by so doing gave tremendous pleasure to the founder of the event. There can be no denying the fact that once his own school has been removed from the competition, nearly every individual at Deal at Halford-Hewitt time has a sneaking desire for the Carthusians to win. This is out of no inherent sense of justice (for the Carthusians are nearly always the best side on paper), but because everyone is very grateful to Halford-Hewitt for having instituted the competition, and for giving them the opportunity of what is, undoubtedly, the best week-end in the year, and, therefore, to see him really pleased is to be as delighted oneself. Actually, the Carthusians deserved to win this year's tournament. They have probably the best side they have ever had, and the standard of play of their couples was extraordinarily good throughout the entire event.

Of individuals little need be said, for this is not an individual's competition. It is, I think, more of a team event than any other I have ever come across. There is a greater team spirit about the whole competition than would appear possible to the outsider who has not been there—and that is one of its greatest charms. But I think it should be noted that of the Old Carthusians, Beck and Middleton went through without defeat, although, perhaps, the heroes of the Carthusian side were Prain and White, who played at third couple. These two were truly magnificent throughout, and they seem to form an ideal foursome partnership. Carthusians should be very happy, for they are young, and likely to continue this successful partnership in many years to come—an ominous fact for other schools.

Another feature of the event, which certainly gave a great deal of pleasure to a great many people, was the success of the Foresters, hitherto not very distinguished in the competition, but this year in the last eight. Radley did even better, for they reached the semi-final stages, and it is pleasant to record that whenever a lesser school (lesser, of course, merely from a golfing standpoint) does well, there is rejoicing in the whole camp. Eton, with rather a strange-looking side, but one which is likely to mould together and develop into something at least very near to the previous glories of the Etonians at Deal, also reached the semi-final; which was, perhaps, more than they themselves expected. It is always a pleasant feature at Deal to find new faces and to see that the keenness remains just the same, and that the competition loses nothing of its character, but actually gains by the appearance, not merely of new schools, but also of new players in the old school teams.

I USUALLY refer, at this stage of the year, to one or two shots that I have seen played at Deal. In the final this year, Tony Torrance provided three of the finest that I have ever seen. He and his partner were two down and four to play against Beck and Middleton. The golf up to then had been excellent, but it has to be admitted that from that point it was far less good, with the exception of Torrance's own play. At the fifteenth his partner missed his drive, sending it far out to the left to a rather bad place. Tony Torrance, against a wind, took out his brassie and hit to within about four feet of the hole, the finest shot I think I have ever seen. That made one down with three to play. The next hole was halved, and once again Torrance's partner missed his tee-shot to the next hole, pushing it this time out to the right. Torrance played an inspired spoon shot to within eight feet of the hole, again from a bad lie. The putting was not good on that green, and Charterhouse lost it. At the last hole, Torrance hit a good drive and so beat Middleton. Beck missed his second, but fortunately it just managed to carry the burn. It was then Torrance's partner to play, and he behaved like a criminal by lifting his head and topping it straight into the obstacle in front of him. I mention this because it was rare for him to play a bad shot, and therefore all the more surprising to the onlookers. Torrance had to pick out of the water, and played a most beautiful mashie-niblick shot to within a few feet of the hole, but it was unavailing, as the previous shot had made fairly certain.

I HAVE gone to some detail about these shots—not but that they deserve mention on account of their brilliance alone—because I noticed in the *Evening Standard* of Monday, March 26th, the most amazingly inaccurate report that I have ever seen, and as far as it is in my power I should like to correct the very wrong impression that that report may give. It is not written by Henry Longhurst, who is the golf correspondent of the *Evening Standard*, and I am quite certain was nothing whatever to do with him. It must have been written by somebody who either knows nothing about golf, or else was very far distant when the shots were played. The paragraph to which I take umbrage reads as follows:

"The Carthusians had been up most of the way, but the match was level with one to play. Torrance hit a wild shot into the stream at the last hole, and this cost his side the hole and the match."

Actually the Carthusians were down most of the way, and only took the lead in the latter half of the game, and if ever a man did his utmost for his side, it was Tony Torrance. The shot referred to was played by his partner.

Holiday Jumping

The Eridge Hunt Meeting

Miss Elyse King and Mr. A. J. G. Leveson-Gower, youngest son of Mr. G. C. G. Leveson-Gower, of Tilsey Place, Limpsfield, who won the Nomination Race on his horse, Val II

Lord and Lady Hastings went to the Hunt steeplechase meeting at Eridge. Lady Hastings is Lord Abergavenny's younger daughter, so that her home before she married was Eridge Castle

Lady Camden, who is Lord Abergavenny's elder daughter, and Lady Hastings' half-sister, is with her elder daughter, Lady Irene Clarke. The Camdens' place down in Kent is Bayham Abbey, Lamberhurst

Photographs by S. E. K. Richardson

Above: Sir Gerard and Lady Fiona Fuller were two more of the Camden party who went racing at Eridge. Lady Fiona Fuller is Lord and Lady Camden's younger daughter, and married Sir Gerard Fuller in 1931

Right: Mr. Gerald Williams, who lives in the Eridge country, and hunts and plays polo down there, is with his sister-in-law, Miss Heber-Percy

Lady Hardinge and her sister-in-law, Lady Penrhyn, came over from South Park, Penshurst, Lord and Lady Hardinge's home, to the Eridge Meeting on Easter Monday

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The Dying Season

THIS time the packing away of boots and shorts really is due, though for a couple of Saturdays yet the clubs will stagger languidly around the football field. Let us give the dying season a final crack on the head, though, and assume that life has left the body. There is too much life in it, anyway, and to my mind the season might well end with the Calcutta Cup match, leaving the Easter tours as a final and friendly gathering of players before the barren days of summer.

We may, I think, look back upon our winter with a certain amount of amiability. I would not suggest that Rugby football has made much progress, or even that it has shown any real signs of returning to its own high standards as a pastime for reasonably intelligent individuals. There have, however, been straws in the wind here and there which do at least give us reason for thinking that the sterile years are behind us.

FIRST of the reasons for being encouraged I would put the fact that so many knowledgeable people, not all of them veterans, by any means, are going around saying, "Yes, it's all very well. There are plenty of promising backs about, but we shan't use them properly until we learn to scrummage again." The conviction is spreading that specialisation, no bad thing in itself, has led us away from the true gospel of forward play. In Scotland especially is this noticeable, and before long, before the All Blacks challenge us, I hope, we may observe a stiffening in the scrummage.

I am strengthened in this belief by a most interesting letter from one of the greatest of Welsh wing three-quarters, who implies that we may expect a change for the better in the Principality. And if only Wales would concentrate on finding a genuine scrummaging pack, what a great team they might produce, what a safeguard against the All Black menace!

WHEN we think of Welsh Rugby in its great days we are apt to talk of players like Gould and Morgan and Gwyn Nicholls, forgetting that the brilliant Welsh attack was only made possible by superb scrummaging in the old fashion. The Welsh style of play, we call it, and we may as well remind ourselves that this style was a perfect synthesis of forwards and backs.

The stage is now set in Wales for just such another synthesis. Cliff Jones, Idwal Rees, Cowey, Rees-Jones, Jenkins, Bert Jones—Wales have the young players behind the scrummage right enough, and that in itself is encouraging, if only the Welsh selectors will take the next essential step in building up their team.

TO my mind Wales were the most interesting side of the year, although England had the best playing record. There was a kind of wayward genius about Wales, though—it ceased to be wayward at Murrayfield, unfortunately for Scotland—while England were a staid, respectable, almost grandmotherly team. We never expected brilliance from the English attack, though we should have been shocked if the English defence had ceased to be admirably solid. Where England failed, with due respect to Elliot's many fine qualities, was at stand-off half. Elliot gave steadiness to the English back division, and that was most valuable, particularly when the team was just beginning to fit together, but he did not bring liveliness and brilliance to the attack. Whether Slow is the man we need, or whether we were foolish to overlook the performances of T. J. M. Barrington in the West Country is beside the point, except that we shall be searching anxiously for a stand-off half next year. Given another W. J. A. Davies, England might develop into a great side, particularly if our illustrious selectors continue to concentrate upon the virtues of scrummaging.

SCOTLAND, too, have no real cause for despondency. If they set about finding a genuine pack at the beginning of the season, they may even regain the Calcutta Cup, for their backs are full of promise. R. C. S. Dick, for example, is a most likely centre, and R. W. Shaw surprised even his friends by his dash against England at Twickenham. Logan, in my opinion, is the best scrum-half in the four countries, with Gadney a very close second. Logan, though, is just a shade quicker than Gadney in everything he does, and his defence is equally strong.

EVEN unlucky Ireland, deprived through injuries of such fine players as S. L. Waide and P. B. Coote, are rich in good material. G. J. Morgan is the best scrum-half they have had since Mark Sugden; L. J. Reid will surely develop into a stand-off half much above the ordinary, and Bailey in the centre and O'Connor on the wing are both young and talented enough to raise the Irish attack to considerable heights.

We may end the season, then, in a mood of justified optimism, believing that if a few parrots, like myself, keep squawking "scrummaging, scrummaging," there is a golden period ahead. But I do hope the captains of clubs will occupy their hours of summer sun-bathing with serious reflection upon the true significance of the old-fashioned forward game.

The Dominion Students played United Hospitals at Richmond recently and the photograph shows a United Hospitals forward well and truly tackled with the ball. The match was won by the Dominions team by 17 points to 9

Missionaries of "Rugger"

The Cambridge University Rugby Football Team on board the Berengaria, at Southampton, when they left to visit America to play under the English code

The "Tics": Members of the Torquay Athletic Rugby Football Club

Caught by Our Special Artist, H. H. Harris, at the Recreation Ground, Torquay

"Loosie" Loosemore, centre three-quarter

The group, l. to r.: Charlie Pratt, trainer, "Tuppy" Tuplin, team secretary for twenty-five years; A. W. Chipman, Hon. Treasurer; Chas. Slee, baby of the Committee; Billy White, Hon. Sec. of Club and of Devon County Union

R. A. Edgcombe, Vice-Chairman

The Captain, "Bobby" Delahay, scrum-half

"Billy" Scourfield, schoolboy International, full-back

Right: "Jimmy." J. P. Merchant, stand-off half

"Percy," the groundsman

The big stuff: "Tec" Scott

"Tommy" Butland

T. Jenkins, left wing

Golf Clubs at Home

Medal Day at Royal Eastbourne

W. P. Gornall, the Club's Secretary, and R. W. Patton, the Royal Eastbourne Captain

J. Russell, who returned the best score in the 1st division of 70 net, and S. G. Newall

T. Murray Lees, the Club's Hon. Treasurer, and W. F. Holms, who returned the best score, 72, made in the second division

E. F. Dawson, Captain C. T. Foster, and W. J. V. Tomlinson outside the pavilion

C. S. Hudson, A. Gow, and T. P. Murray Lees, a trio captured at the sixteenth tee

H. E. Walker and J. S. Mackenzie caught by the camera-man going to the fourteenth tee

Lieut.-Colonel Maxwell Rouse and Major C. H. Standbridge starting out hopefully for their medal round

A. V. Faull, a member of the Committee, and A. Lace at the sixteenth tee

G. K. Alexander and D. K. Hull going to the sixteenth

J. Balfour and F. S. Lund on the way to the fourteenth

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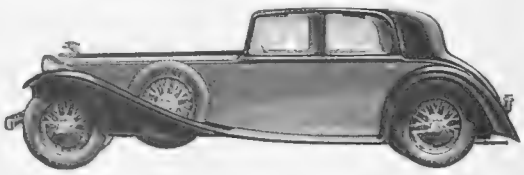


ALVIS SPEED TWENTY

H.P

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" **Caricatures by "Jonk"**

Sir Stephen Killik

Alderman and Lord Mayor-to-be

IT is some years since the House had the honour of supplying a candidate for the office of Lord Mayor, the last occasion being in 1917, when Sir Charles Hanson held this coveted position. Now the House is to have another, for Sir Stephen Killik, who is senior partner in the firm bearing his name, will be next year's Lord Mayor. Sir Stephen celebrates this year the diamond jubilee of his business connections with the City. When he was thirteen, his father died, and young Killik left school and went to work. His career has been varied, and interesting: Sir Stephen himself modestly says that he has done too many things ever to be really good at any one subject, with the exception of shorthand, which was one of the first things he learnt on leaving school. He can speak a few languages, play an instrument or two, and has always been fond of games. His work in the City is too well known to be included here; it is sufficient to say that every minute of his day is full. As regards House matters, he has been on the Committee for many years, and annually compiles a manual on foreign railways (which is named after him). Let us wish Sir Stephen the best of luck for a very successful term of office.

SINCE we wrote about the members for the new Stock Exchange year, quite an avalanche of candidates has appeared. Incomers will now number over a hundred, with resignations still not over fifty. This is a sign of a nice, healthy optimism, and, incidentally, brings more revenue to the holders of House shares. Sir John Mullens' name figures on the resigning list; he was Government broker for many years, and also a Trustee and Manager, but it is some time since he took any active part in House affairs.

THE incomers include John Patrick Morris, known as "J.P." in the other "House," where he sits as Member for Salford North. He is a barrister by profession, is a good speaker and forceful debater, and intensely keen: is, in fact, one of the younger men at St. Stephens for whom a future is prophesied. He is probably the first M.P. who has become a member of the Stock Exchange by way of the "blue button," and he has never been too proud to come in wearing this lowly badge of office, in accordance with the instructions, on the lapel of his coat.

"TED" MEYERSTEIN, whose picture, plus Middlesex Hospital cheque, appears this week, is still a member of the House, though not officially a member of any firm. There were various jokes and conjectures in his market about the refusal of the Sevenoaks Hospital of his offer of £10,000; one wag, knowing Mr. Meyerstein's keen instinct for business, suggested that it was because he wanted partly-paid shares! However, "Ted" Meyerstein has effectively silenced all quips at his expense by trebling his generous liability and making it unconditional.

G. B. BENNETT, who won the Stock Exchange billiards tourney last year, was so sure that he would repeat his victory this year, that he took three to one on himself, bought a new suit of evening clothes on the strength of his potential winnings, and then managed to get beaten. Mr. Bennett is a very small man, but a very fine billiards player. He has a brother in the House—C. E. M.—who is with another firm of brokers.

"Ted" Meyerstein

With that thirty-thousand cheque

"J.P." Morris

Member of both Houses

MEMBERS have been singularly reticent about their Easter doings, but perhaps by next week they will have divulged some holiday stories. Late returns from Switzerland include Paul Hepworth and Freddie Bramson, both from Davos; they would do very well for a turn on the halls as two "dark subjects." Gerald Lee, another keen ski-er, who was out in the blazing sun of St. Anton, in the Austrian Tyrol, was accosted in Pall Mall after he got back, by a friend who asked him where he'd left "Mose."

CLAUDE SEROCOLD has gone abroad, but unfortunately not to make holiday; he has gone to see a doctor. Lex Wilson has been in a nursing home, having his tonsils out. He had a bad time over it, but, in spite of that, was a source of great amusement to his nurses, as well as some anxiety, when he tried to go visiting one or two of his friends who were also patients, long before he was supposed to be out of bed at all. We hear he invented some very good games, too.

IT was bad luck for Dick Zair, not being able to go down to Deal for the Halford-Hewitt Cup; he is a very good golfer, and a "good fellow," so he 'll have been missed. And it was bad luck for Bobbie Crawford, being ill; his indisposition was what prevented Dick Zair from playing golf, as the latter couldn't get away.

HOW smart E. F. Strettell looks in a tail coat and brown waistcoat, and with what superb confidence he carries off this combination! More than some people could do, even on a Saturday morning.

APROPOS new blue-button boys, of whom there are a goodly crop, there was once a member, whom we call A, who took in his richest client's son as a blue-button boy. A was taking the youth the customary grand tour of the House, and telling him what was what, when he suddenly received a violent kick from behind, and heard a friend's voice saying: "How are you, you old ——— ———? I haven't seen you for a long time." What did A do then?

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding

They 're Going on the Films:

Hilary and Pat Charles

HILARY and Pat Charles, the two younger daughters of Mr. and Mrs. David Charles, are both going to appear in the new London Films' production, *Exit Don Juan*, in which Douglas Fairbanks Senior and Merle Oberon are the stars. Pat Charles, the blonde one, has never done film-work before, but is well known for her portraits and caricatures of Mayfair faces, and intends to do some drawings and sketches on the set, with Douglas Fairbanks and Merle Oberon as her most important subjects. This is the sort of work she really likes: going on the films, she admits, is only an experiment, to see if she is any good or not. Hilary Charles, the brunette, has done some screen-work before, and appeared as one of the Court ladies in *The Private Life of Henry VIII.* She has also done mannequin-work, mostly at charity dress shows. Both the Charles sisters are great admirers of Alexander Korda, and, like a lot of other people, think him to be the finest director at present working in England

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Marion Marsh and Anthony Bushell in "Love at Second Sight," a light-hearted comedy film made by B.I.P., directed by Dr. Paul Merzbach, and on at the Carlton before "Death Takes a Holiday"

Reginald Owen as Bordenave, Anna Sten as Nana, and Mae Clark and Muriel Kirkland as Satin and Mimi, two of Nana's fellow-cocottes, in "Lady of the Boulevards," the film of Emile Zola's novel, in which Sam Goldwyn presents his new star, the lovely Anna Sten. The film is on at the Tivoli

"Lady of the Boulevards"

HOLLYWOOD has "made" another star. Mr. Goldwyn took Anna Sten from Europe a year and a half ago. Now she bursts on the world as Nana, the heroine of Zola's terrible masterpiece. When she played opposite Jannings in *The Tempest*, she was an exceptionally beautiful creature, with some acting ability and vilely-dressed hair. Anna Sten is a Russian peasant and perhaps she learns slowly. As Nana she is enthrallingly beautiful in a way which is her own, plus the Hollywood conception, the femme fatale of life, fiction, and the films. Her acting is faultless, but it is always acting: she has art without heart. She is the slave of a system, and perhaps of heredity, since she is a Russian peasant.

I have been reprimanded for letting history prejudice me in relation to historical films, and I do not want literature to influence my judgment of a film "freely adapted" from Zola's genealogical conception, from which the film is radically opposed. The history of this ill-begotten child of vice and poverty who, because of her beauty, became a vampire and a victim, is unduly sentimentalised, but the settings and the costumes are beautiful. Lionel Atwill is ill-cast. Bennet père, does his "old actor" stuff. Phillips Holmes, who has not yet had an opportunity to display his consumptive intensity and attractive looks, is admirable as the uniformed hero.

"The World Changes"

AN affair of disguises. Paul Muni, a magnificent actor and pronounced personality, is lost in a multiplicity of wigs! First, a bad fair wig as a farm-hand, and then, in progressively ageing hirsute make-up, from 1867 to 1929. Even Guy Kibbee is given a black moustache and Stetson hat; and what they do to Aline MacMahon! We see her first as a woman in travail—even the Russians managed this with more reticence and less noise!—and finally, as the mother of a grandfather.

We cannot really blame Noel Coward for these awful cavalcades.

"Man of Two Worlds"

FRANCIS LEDERER proves himself an actor of parts. As an Eskimo involved with an exploratory and zoological expedition, enamoured of the white man's ways and the photograph of the chief's daughter, he goes to England, and his simplicity makes him the victim of their kindly meant deceptions. The Greenland backgrounds are vile and obviously "dubbed." The story has possibilities, badly missed, and only Lederer's acting makes it possible and even necessary to stay until the end. Elissa Landi says she is not given good parts in Hollywood: she has an opportunity here and, in spite of direction, she does not or cannot take it.

"Love at Second Sight"

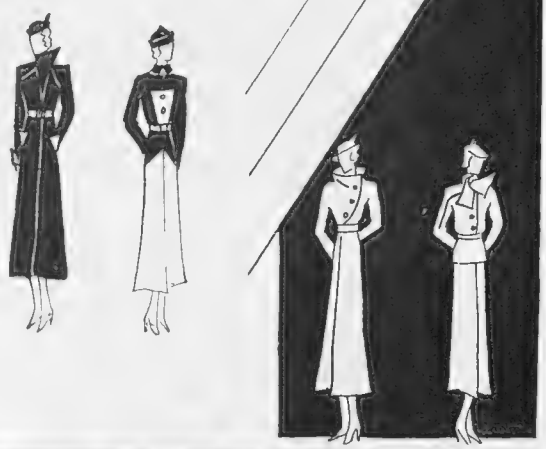
A COMEDY. Marion Marsh was the very young and very lovely star in the *Trilby* picture with John Barrymore. In *Love at Second Sight* she seems to have aged considerably, without gaining the subtle attraction of experience. Claude Hulbert is a good comedian and makes the most of an almost "off-stage" part. It seems quite natural that Anthony Bushell, as the other man, should be preferred not only by the girl but by her father.

The story is too slight to bear repeating; the humour is based chiefly on the dental defalcations of the bridegroom—a swollen face diminishes the attraction of a fiancé, but there is a pretty and loyal secretary to console him. The acting and the photography redeem a mediocre film.

"Death Takes a Holiday"

DEATH experiments with life for the space of three days and impersonates a certain Prince Sirki as a guest in the Duke Lamberts' house-party at a luxurious villa on the Riviera. The host alone knows the true identity of the mysterious Prince, for he has appeared to him first as a dark shadow, and has told him about the projected "holiday." At the end, he once more becomes a shadow, and takes with him into the darkness the morbid young woman who has given him experience of Life (with a capital) in exchange for obviously predestined death. The rest of the film is concerned with the individual reactions of the other members of the party, and the comments of the mysterious interloper on the tawdriness of life. It is a literary, rather than a scenic, theme. But this film proves one thing, and that is that Fredric March is a really magnificent actor. He has to carry the whole of this improbable fantasy on his shoulders, with "support" from Guy Standing, Evelyn Venable, and Kent Taylor. His voice and diction are excellent, his appearance impressively handsome, and he succeeds in imbuing this shadow with power, personality, and symbolic significance. No other actor, except Conrad Veidt, could have done it.

A Portfolio of Fashion compiled for the Bystander by Madge Garland weekly



MISS GLADYS SAMMUT in her Milwata point-to-point waterproof fears no rain or bad weather; Miss van Meer has to be slightly more careful of her grey suède Leathercraft dress, though it too, is very hardy and an excellent protection against wind

Photograph by Scaioni Studios

Dorvyne, Paris

Mainbocher uses an enormous sash of black and white plaid taffeta on a white organdie dress

Bond Street and Thereabouts

a weekly commentary on fashion by Madge Garland

IF you can keep your new shallow-crowned hat on these windy days you are a better woman than I am—even the elastic with which some models are, more than rightly, provided does not materially help, and though I have not been privileged to watch a train of young men running down Piccadilly with a maiden's tiny straw hat bowling in front, I feel it is only my bad luck and that such an incident must have occurred just before I turned the corner. Victor Stiebel has got a hat which is guaranteed not to blow off but then it is barely a hat, merely a plate of blue linen with curled-up edge moored to the head by a band of the material covered with black ruches. The hat, so called, is perched well over the forehead and entirely reveals the head. Now I come to think of it, it is suspiciously like the head-dress worn by French maids in high comedy. He also has a smart hat of striped black and white material with quite a sensibly deep crown and turned-up brim, which is complete with matching gloves.

There are apparently two uniforms for the well-dressed woman, whoever she may be, at the moment. One is Mainbocher's fox wrap consisting of three skins, one across the shoulders and one wound round each arm and invisibly attached to the shoulder skin (fox, not wearer). Lady Cunard and Heather Thatcher are two of the most diverse types which I have seen lately in this cape. Another costume which has been chosen by a number of well-dressed women is Champcommunal's black and white ensemble from W. W. Reville-Terry. This consists of a dress of black and white checked silk, so heavy it hangs like wool, so beautifully cut that it slims all and sundry, and a short fitted black coat cut low enough in front to reveal the double jabot with which the bodice is trimmed. Sometimes this has been copied with a black three-quarter length coat instead of the short fitted one; either are extremely good and the dress unusually practical.

If you like materials, the feel and colour of them, and what woman doesn't, you should look in at Finnigans and ask to see the collection of Crysède materials which they are showing. I have known about these lovely English silks and their romantic home for a long time but probably many people don't know that they are woven in one of the loveliest villages in Cornwall, and that this once small venture has now grown to such an extent that Crysède silks can be obtained in most of the leading towns in England. For quality and beauty of colour they are hard to equal.

Then for novelties of the week there is a bathing-suit so cunningly interwoven with elastic that it functions as an all-in-one corset as well as being the most comfortable and easy-going bathing-suit. It is also extremely smart, has no odour even in the hottest sun and is bound to alter many of our holiday decisions.

There is also a new beauty parlour where nothing, unless you have really fallen apart and need a tremendous amount of putting together again, costs more than 5s. It 's a nice tidy little sum for a face massage and freshener and it sounds like a god-send to the tired and the not-so-rich, and one is so often one because one isn't the other, if you get me.

Then for sheer grandeur, just to end on a high note, there is the story (true) of how the Duchess of Westminster took some magnificent topazes to a jeweller in Paris and had them set into a splendid parure in the modern manner, then came back to London and commissioned a dress to accompany them. It was of white organdie entirely covered with fine gold embroidery and the dress was quite simply cut. I don't think we need say any more do you?

M. G.

MATITA made this gay coat and skirt with its red and white polka dot revers and blouse

THIS spotted silk dress is one of many bargains to be found in Marshall's débutante department

THIS is another winner from the same department, a charming flowered cotton evening gown for 3 guineas

Music (and all That)

Aspirin over the Air

By "Melos"

I HAVE just returned from a dinner-party of the Bohemian-Mayfair type. That is to say, it took place in an attic flat in one of the most fashionable Squares; most of the women wore pyjamas and the men lounge suits; and the talk was of art and literature and Russia and the coming opera season, with not a mention of racing, the Guinnesses (married or single), clothes, or the Embassy Club.

SOMETIMES the talk was amusing and at other times less amusing. But through it all trickled a muffled stream of broadcast dance music. Nobody danced. Indeed, there was no room to dance. Nobody listened to it; it was not worth listening to. It just went on and on, without comment, until I asked the hostess the reason for the noise.

"I LIKE it," she replied. "I am not at all musical, and I have the thing toned down so that it does not interfere with conversation. But I find it a soothing background. We use perfumes, and we are particular about the shade of a wall-paper or the shape of a piece of furniture. We smoke and drink and nibble sweets. Why should the sense of hearing be the only one neglected?"

THERE are hundreds of thousands of people who look on the wireless in this fashion. They take musical sounds—I would not call it music—as they might take an aspirin. There are households in which the wireless or a gramophone never stops. It is not because those households are musical, but because, having found a new dope and a fairly harmless one, they are determined to exploit it to the full.

It is a habit which exasperates me; if I hear bad music it annoys me because it is bad, and if I hear good music I blush to find it treated in such a fashion. Modern science does a great deal for music; but it also helps to cheapen it. Music is not meant to be turned on like a water-tap or an electric-light switch, as a sort of additional household appliance.

WE are still without an Elgar Memorial Concert on an adequate scale. The Royal Choral Society's performance of *The Dream of Gerontius*, with the L.P.O. and the B.B.C. orchestras lumped together, was a better effort than the first; but something more remains to be done. However, the chorus sang well, and Dr. Adrian Boult, none the worse for having conducted *Wozzeck*, secured a good, sound performance of this true masterpiece, not omitting its many dramatic qualities.

"Are you playing the Schubert or the Chopin?"

MR. STEWART WILSON is now the accepted Gerontius, and his singing of the difficult music has much to commend it. But his voice is on the thin side, and it was often too meagre for the Albert Hall; Gerontius is supposed to be on his death-bed, it is true, but the concert platform is not the place for too much realism. Mr. Roy Henderson was very fine in, perhaps, the best moment of the oratorio, the "Proficiscere Anima Christiana," at the close of Part I.

SIR LANDON RONALD, who was the conductor, made the slow movement of the Second Symphony, which preceded *The Dream*, something ineffably poignant; the quality of the brass of the combined orchestras provided a true musical thrill.

MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS' dancing pupils gave a charming display of their powers at the Rudolf Steiner Hall the other afternoon. It does not seem to be so very long ago (though I suppose it is quite a while) since Miss Bedells, as a small child, did a skipping-rope dance in the *A Day in Paris* ballet at the old Empire Theatre; yet here was another small child, by name Jean Macbean, dancing just as daintily, who calls Miss Bedells (in private life, Mrs. Macbean) "Mummy." Most appropriately she appeared in a Tchaikowsky Trio entitled "The Proud Mother."

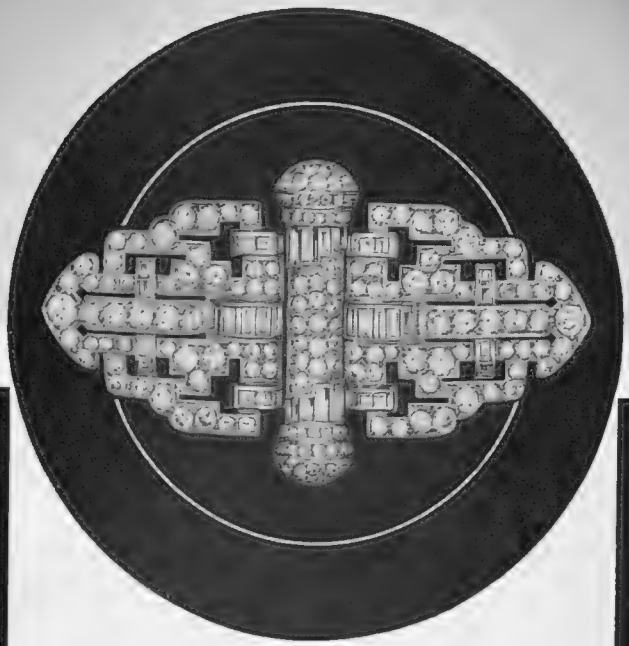
THE best dancer by far was, I thought, Miss Jean Gillic, who is, however, quite a grown-up young lady now. She won her spurs—how awkward it would be if she really danced in spurs!—under the Cochran banner in *Music in the Air*, in which she did a delicious "Bubble Dance." Miss Gillic's Hornpipe, "In Nelson's Day," was so alluring that Nelson would have had no need of any "press gang" had such an attraction been included in the personnel of his fleet.

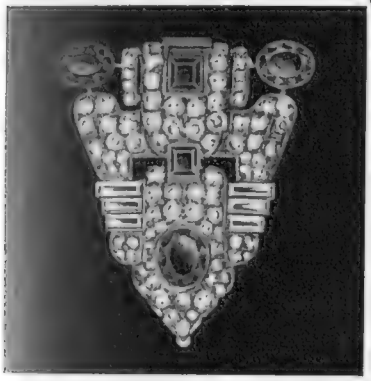
MR. JOHN BYRON showed that he is quite likely to figure, before long, as a rival to Mr. Anton Dolin. The elaborate and ultra-modern ballet, *Light and Shade*, arranged by Miss Edna Slocombe, with some rather monotonously discordant music by Mr. E. Howard Whitcomb, was obviously very clever. What it meant, or was intended to mean, I have not the vaguest notion.

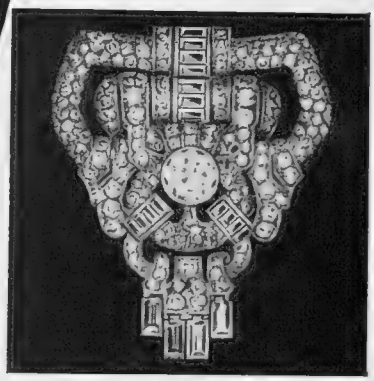
MISS BEDELLS' school does not stand alone, though it is one of the best. What these demonstrations afford, I think, is the comforting proof that there is plenty of native dancing talent coming along. The Camargo Society and the Vic-Wells ballet will always encourage it, and are themselves doing wonderfully good work. The visits of the Russians will be none the less welcome—they will be at Covent Garden after the opera season is over. But the Russians are not having things all their own way.

DIAMOND..RUBY AND EMERALD CLIPS

from the collection of William Ogden







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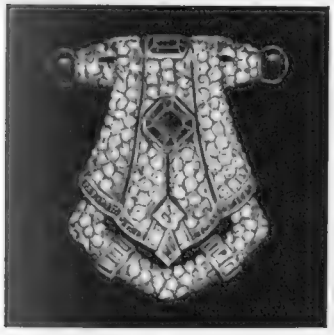
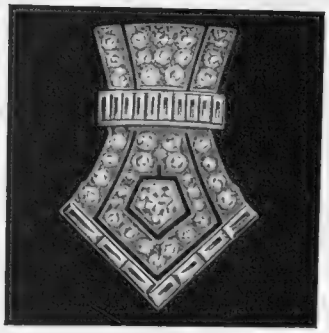
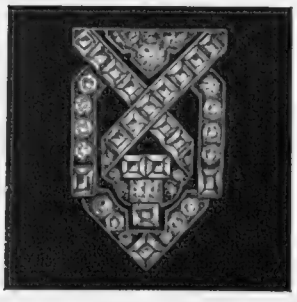






4 KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Low-Born Heroes and a High-Born Scamp

By A. G. Macdonell

Michael Sholokhov has written a novel of 750 pages, *And Quiet Flows the Don* (Putnam; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and to plough through 750 pages is no light undertaking for a conscientious reviewer. The result of achieving this desperate exploit is that I am left with mixed feelings. Mr. Sholokhov is the first writer that I have come across who has tried to paint the hideous and colossal tragedy of the Eastern Front on an almost Tolstoyan scale. His book has the quality of *War and Peace*. It is an attempted epic. It is a panorama of Cossack life on the Steppes of the Don, a brutal, rough, hard, almost savage life, and Mr. Sholokhov does not spare the horrors. Personally, I find little pleasure in reading descriptions of husbands jumping savagely upon their wives with hobnailed boots, nor do parricide, incest, knouting, and a perpetual atmosphere of rape make a novel particularly enjoyable. Turgeniev could describe the Russian scene without these little adjuncts, but not Mr. Sholokhov. This part of the book completely disgusted me. But when he gets to the war on the Eastern front, then our author becomes magnificent. It was a terrible, dreary, hopeless war of flesh and blood against concrete and steel. Mr. Winston Churchill has described it in superb prose. "They floundered in the mud, they perished in the snowdrifts, they starved in the frost. Those that survived, the veterans of countless battle-days, returned, whether with the laurels of victory or tidings of disaster, to homes engulfed already in catastrophe." It is of these tragic men that Mr. Sholokhov writes, of their sufferings in the marshes of the Stokhov and the Pripet, of the spread of disaffection, of the subtle spread of Bolshevik propaganda, of the agony of the officers, who saw their regiments disintegrating, of the fatal march of General Kornilov on Petrograd, of the seizure of power by Lenin, of the civil wars, and of the destruction and ruination of the quiet Valley of the Don. It is a swiftly moving, vividly terrible story, and long before you have finished it you have almost forgiven Mr. Sholokhov his early brutalities.

There have been few more extraordinary careers in history than that of Manuel Godoy. Godoy was seventeen years of age when he arrived in Madrid in 1784. His only assets were good looks and noble birth. It took him exactly eight years to become Duke of Alcudia, Officer of the Golden Fleece, Captain-General, Admiral of the Castile, and Dictator of Spain, with a capital of forty million pesetas and an estate worth a million reals a year. In addition to these small advantages, he was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Foreign Minister, and Grandee of Spain of the First Class. He achieved this astonishing rise in fame and fortune by the simple process of becoming favourite lover of the Queen. Godoy knew nothing whatever about government or foreign affairs, and nothing whatever about finance, except how to get money for himself. But his personality was so remarkable that, when the Queen finally grew tired of him and wanted to get rid of him, she found that he had firmly entrenched himself with the King. Under Godoy's rule, Spain plunged steadily downhill into a financial and political morass. But it could not last for ever, and the most brilliant political intelligence in Europe was beginning to take an interest in Spanish affairs, and in 1808 Marshal Murat came prancing into Madrid as representative of the Emperor Napoleon. Immediately the people rose against Godoy. His palace was sacked, and he himself was wounded and only escaped lynching by the skin of his teeth. Napoleon, who always regarded him with a sort of contemptuous good humour, rescued him and brought him to France, and used him until he was no longer useful. Then he threw him aside. Godoy was only forty-two when his superb career came to an end, but he lived for another forty-two years in exile, poverty, oblivion and loneliness, so that when he died in 1851, the world exclaimed: "Good gracious me, was *he* still alive?" This is the strange and romantic story of a scoundrel that has been written by a German author, H. R. Madol (Hurst and Blackett; 18*s.*). The writing of this book may have suffered in translation, but it certainly is heavy and uninspired. On the other hand, the story is most exciting.

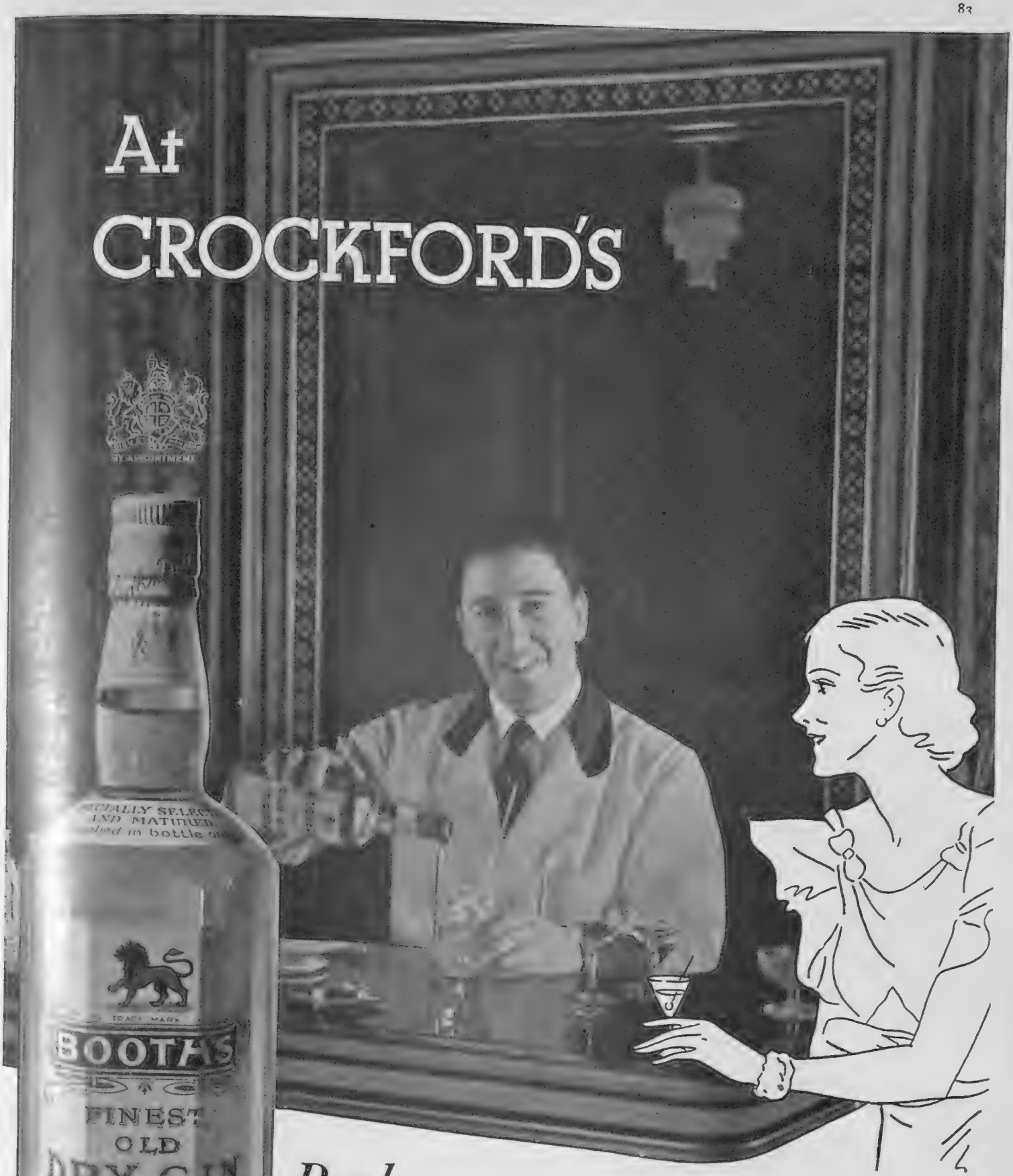
En Vacances

Sinclair Lewis, the American author, with his wife and their young son, Michael, on holiday at Bermuda

And still the books about out-of-the-way corners of the world keep tumbling out. The latest of them is a description of the remotest corner yet. Next week it will probably be capped by a man who has dived for oysters in a lake in Central Turkestan, but in the meanwhile, Miss Conway Turton's *Cassiar* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*) holds the field. And well it might, for Cassiar is the name of a range of mountains between Alaska and the extreme north-west of Canada. A dreary, desolate spot. A country of dripping evergreens and fast-running rivers, and dull, grey clouds and lonely cabins and melancholy landscapes. Miss Turton's word-sketches of this strange land begin by being rather stilted, but gradually her subject carries her away, and she ends vividly and often picturesquely. But why, oh why, must people drag in filthy words into their books? I suppose I am middle-aged and prudish, but I have never really liked the use of words that denoted perversion. And, anyway, if Miss Turton feels that she must use them, at least let her use them accurately.

Messrs. Dent have published an admirable little guide-book to my native land, by Mr. H. A. Piehler, the Editor of the new edition of Baedeker's *England*. It is published at half-a-crown, and is called *Scotland for Everyman*. This thin volume is a perfect monument of erudition. It ranges easily from the correct pronunciation of Rothesay to the victory of Killiecrankie; from the best route between Dingwall and Beauly to the place-names in Dr. Cronin's *Hatter's Castle*. It touches, in a single paragraph, upon Henry Bell, who built the engines of the first river-steamboat, and upon the birthplace of Mr. Baird, the inventor of television. Altogether a capital little guide-book.

Another small book, so far as the number of pages goes, is *For Filmgoers Only* (Faber and Faber; 2*s.* 6*d.*). It is a collection of five essays on "The Intelligent Filmgoer's Guide to the Film," and it is packed with stimulating ideas and sound advice. Such a book has long been wanted, for too many "intelligent" people have got so firmly fixed in the habit of sneering at all films, except Russian ones, that they simply cannot get out of it. The art of the cinema has come to stay, so why not look at it critically and dispassionately? As Mr. R. S. Lambert wisely says in his essay: "What we need, and what we have not got in this country, is a catholic criticism, which will recognise the distinctive qualities of the best Continental pictures, but give just as much care and attention to the mass products of England and America."



Real Cocktails begin with

Somewhere to recover my usual composure. Crockford's comfort is more luxurious than ever... Everywhere so restful, from card room even to the cocktail bar. Most exhilarating cocktails. Jimmie always gets the right fulness of flavour. Notice he always uses Booth's Gin. Interesting fellow, Jimmie Summers. he knows .....

BOOTH'S The Only Matured DRY GIN

Miss Diana Fishwick and her partner, Mr. Noel Layton, winners of the Sunningdale Open Foursomes in this, the first year of its existence. The competition was a great success

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

N.P.F.A.; Also the Counties

DEAR BYSTANDER,

PLENTY has happened in the golfing world since I wrote to you last; not least, that very excellent day's golf at the Wildernesse in aid of the Kent Branch of the National Playing Fields' Association. It was a triumph of organisation on the part of Colonel Mackenzie to get off 166 couples twice in the day, just as it was of generosity on the part of Mr. Fawcett to lend the Wildernesse course, and to promise it again for next year. There were generous prize-givers, too, notably Mrs. Marsham Townshend, who gave the four prizes for the thirty-six holes. It was beautiful weather; there was an increased entry from the professionals, such stars as Dailey, King, George Gadd, Wallace, and L. Cotton competing. There was also Mr. Tolley. But it was a local pair, Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, who covered themselves with glory, for they were two up on bogey at lunch time and only one down on him in the next eighteen holes, so that they ended the day one up. A splendid sum resulted for the Playing Fields, and altogether the day was an unqualified success.

Miss Cecil Leitch is now hard at work organising the National Playing Fields' Flag Day on April 17th, and is hoping that all the golfers who are not playing in their County Championships that day will come forward and offer to sell.

COUNTY affairs in the Southern Division of the South East are already in a rare tangle. I 'm not going to attempt to tell you how they stand, because, probably almost before you have read this letter, the whole thing will be whirled round again, so that Surrey will no longer be in a strong position, nor Hampshire fancied. Of course, at the moment, Surrey do seem to be doing pretty well. I watched them beat Kent at Walton Heath on one of the most perfect days this year has seen.

Miss Gourlay beat Miss Morgan by 3 and 2; I think largely because she came out from among the bluebell-leaves almost dead at the seventh, where Miss Morgan had to putt over her pitch mark. Miss Fishwick squared matters by beating Miss Hamilton 5 and 3, but Surrey's five others won comfortably, which seemed emphatic enough in all conscience.

(Continued on page ii)

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

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Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

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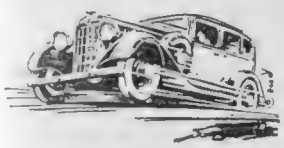

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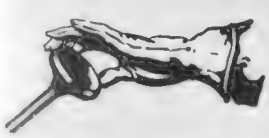

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Recent extensions (costing over £500,000) now enable the Vauxhall factory to catch up with the demand. For the first time since last June you can now get normal delivery of a Vauxhall Light Six. Your local Vauxhall dealer will be glad to demonstrate its true-bred qualities, or you can write for full particulars direct to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, N.W.9.

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VAUXHALL BIG SIX—Light Six value on a larger scale. 20 h.p. Saloon with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, £325. 7-seater Limousine, £550.

Women's Golf *(Continued from page 84)*

Actually, it was not so emphatic as their win four days later from Sussex, whom they did not allow to win a single point. That sounds drastic indeed, particularly as the match was at Ashdown Forest, but there were some pretty tight matches which might very easily have gone the other way. Miss Gourlay, for example, was never up on Mrs. Davies until the fifteenth, and Mrs. Peel only beat Mrs. Gellatly at the nineteenth by getting a three there after having dormy one against her.

Surrey are a very juvenile team this year; if you add up the ages of their last four and take the average it is no more than nineteen, and the youngest, Miss Pam Barton, who is only sixteen, seems to be playing the best of them all. At Walton Heath she was out in 38. Surrey have got Miss Pauline Doran, thrice Girl Champion, back at the bottom of the team, and seem to be reaping the benefit of a sweeping policy of superannuation for the old and encouragement of the young.

Middlesex, too, are being well served by their young players. They played Kent, out and home matches, over Worplesdon the other day and found the course in absolutely perfect condition, including the greens. Middlesex pulled it off both morning and afternoon, their biggest wins being by Miss Toni Ramsden, who beat Mrs. Kemp 6 and 5 in the morning, and Miss Olive Read 8 and 6 in the afternoon. She was out in 36 and 37. Usually, when one mentions the outward half only it means there was something bad coming home. In Miss Ramsden's case, of course, there had to be very little coming home at all. Kent's youngest player, Miss Moss, also had the biggest win for their side—7 and 6 from Miss Regnart in the morning. There was some really good golf going, for in the morning Miss Morgan and Mrs. Guedalla were both round in the seventies, Miss Morgan, in fact, in 76. Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Pim had two great matches, the Kent player getting home 2 up in the morning and only at the twentieth in the afternoon.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions

Fifteen Spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best Net Scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September, inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

March Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss L. Dunn Pattison	North Hants	88	18	70	75	5 below
Miss M. Bateman	Shirley Park	89	18	71	75	4 "
Mrs. E. Percival	La Moye	79	12	67	70	3 "
Mrs. Williams	North Hants	87	15	72	75	3 "
Miss E. Butler	Worthing	85	17	68	71	3 "
M s. W. H. Chegwyn	La Moye	82	14	68	70	2 "
Mrs. Langton	North Hants	85	11	74	75	1 "
Miss K. M. Richardson	Coxmoor	85	14	71	72	1 "
Mrs. Maynard Heath	North Hants	91	17	74	75	1 "
Miss Jean Priest	Huddersfield	87	10	77	77	equal
Miss N. Williams	Coxmoor	84	12	72	72	"
Miss M. Fowler	La Moye	85	15	70	70	equal
Mrs. Puckering	Shirley Park	80	4	76	75	1 above
Miss M. M. Stamp	Exmouth	86	18	73	75	2 "
Miss A. Reynolds	Sale	93	18	75	73	2 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss D. M. Barker	Greenway Hall	97	36	61	71	10 below
Miss F. W. Hart	Northenden	98	33	65	75	10 "
Miss P. M. Dobson	Tamworth	97	33	64	73	9 "
Mrs. M. E. Vachell	Harborne	101	34	67	76	9 "
Miss H. Strutt	Rugby	93	30	63	71	8 "
Miss D. Wentworth	Goodwood	101	35	66	74	8 "
Mrs. D. G. McGillivray	Royal Calcutta	102	36	66	73	7 "
Mrs. Richardson	Royal Calcutta	102	36	66	73	7 "
Mrs. R. Liddle	Jodphur	94	28	66	71	5 "
Mrs. Butterworth	Leamington and County	102	33	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Linington	Walmer and Kingsdown	102	33	69	74	5 "
Mrs. A. Lewis	Birkdale	107	36	71	76	5 "
Miss J. Parsons	Aldershot Command	88	19	69	73	4 "
Miss H. McColl	Tamworth	100	31	69	73	4 "
Mrs. R. F. Gandy	Belton Park	95	24	71	74	3 "

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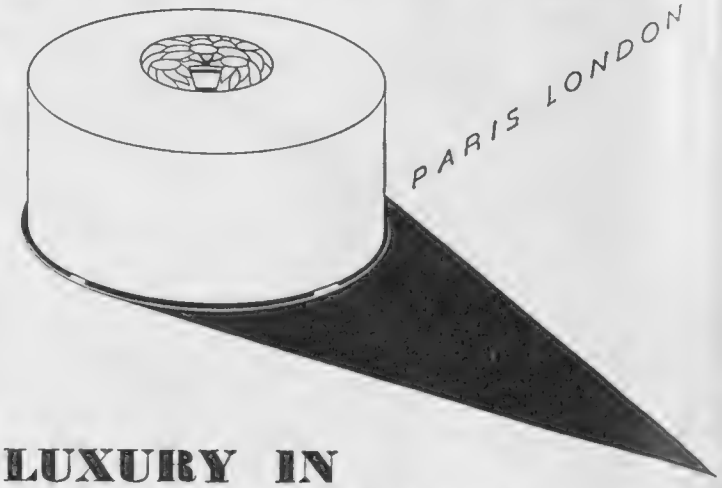

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FASHIONS

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LONDON'S Leading Fashion Specialists have just published the second issue of their magazine, "Fashions." Besides many pages of glorious new fashions you'll find in it an announcement that Shoes, Stockings and Gloves will be specially reduced all next week—April 16th to 21st. This magazine illustrates nine pairs of shoes, six pairs of gloves, and eight pairs of stockings—and you'll see hundreds more if you visit Harvey Nichols' next week. To obtain a free copy of "Fashions," write to Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1 — or Tel. Sloane 3440.

Holiday Travel by Air

By Charles Ward

The Duke of Toledo, who is ex-King Alfonso of Spain, caught by the camera at Assuan, during a flight from Khartoum to Luxor by Imperial Airways' mail service

Plans for Summer Services

THE popularity of the air lines at Easter, particularly those to Le Touquet and the nearer Continental capitals, gave some indication of the increase to be expected in air travel this year. The operating companies have been busy during the winter perfecting their plans, which include many new lines. Railway Air Services, which is the operating company formed by the railways in conjunction with Imperial Airways, will cover three routes. The existing Heston-Isle of Wight service, started by the Spartan group, will be continued under charter for the Southern Railway. The G.W.R. will re-open its Plymouth-Cardiff-Birmingham line, with a possible stop at Bristol and an extension to Liverpool. A new service is planned from London to Belfast, with stops at Liverpool or Manchester and on the Isle of Man. The board of directors of the new company includes Colonel Burchall, who is assistant general manager of Imperial Airways, and Mr. S. B. Collett, who is assistant secretary of the G.W.R. and in command of one of the London Auxiliary Air Force squadrons. The de Havilland Co. has received an order from Imperial Airways for several of the small four-engined air liners that have been designed for higher cruising speed, somewhere near 150 miles an hour. This speed is an essential minimum for home air-services, where distances are relatively short and air lines must compete with fast road and rail transport. Private companies have schemes for more than 3000 miles of internal air-routes, linking all the principal towns that have had the foresight to establish aerodromes.

Cabinet Minister as Owner-Pilot

LORD LONDONDERRY, the Secretary of State for Air, who learnt to fly, with other members of his family, at the Heston School last year, has taken delivery of his first aeroplane, an Avro Club Cadet. This is similar to the machines used for instruction at Heston, but with the additional feature of a self-starter, still considered by manufacturers as a refinement only to be supplied at extra cost. The machine is finished in silver with Lord Londonderry's colours—lilac and yellow—painted on rudder and wing-tips. The engine, an Armstrong-Siddeley Genet Major, of 140 h.p., gives it a comfortable cruising speed of 100 miles an hour. Slots by Handley Page provide exceptional safety at low speed. The machine was sold by Brian Allen, of Henly's, who are distributors for Avro products and maintain a large service depot at Heston. Whilst on the subject of distinguished

(*Continued on page* vi)

"FLOAT-ON-AIR" means supreme comfort

"Float on-Air" pneumatic upholstery gives to any make of car, comfort more luxurious than you have ever known, more luxurious than you had ever hoped for.

"Float-on-Air" seats on a Tickford body.

Gentle support with equal pressure at every point is given by a cushion of air which moulds itself to the shape of the user, completely absorbing all shocks and vibration.

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Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It 's really marvellous the difference it makes when one is internally clean.

Just ask your regular chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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Holiday Travel by Air

(Continued from page iv)

men of the day who have learnt to fly, Lord Lloyd is one of the latest "A" licensees who have graduated at Heston. Sir Francis Humphreys, who manages our affairs in Irak, has been an enthusiastic owner-pilot for some time and often makes long tours from Baghdad, with members of his family as passengers, in his Leopard Moth.

An Amateur Adventure

UNDER the title of *Amateur Adventure*, Mr. K. C. Gandar Dower has written an unconventional and amusing book on his flight to Madras with Mr. A. C. S. Irwin. It is easily the best flying story since Chichester's *Solo to Sydney*. The Puss Moth, aided and abetted by the ministrations of the Shell Company covered 7000 miles in a fortnight, which is a comfortable pace, dictated partly by the necessity to observe the various formalities at aerodromes en route. The voyagers were surprised to hear, on arrival at Madras, that they had, in fact, created a record. Theirs was the first successful flight from England to Madras. The Airspeed "Courier" is fast making a name for itself in India. The "Cheetah" model delivered to R. K. Dundas, the concessionaires, at the end of last year, has carried out 200 hours' flying without incident, including a charter from the Viceroy for a journey from Delhi to Patna and back.

The "air-hostess" arrives: Miss Paddy Naismith, who is a racing motorist and a pilot of considerable experience, has signed on with B.A.N.C.O., of Heston, as a member of their Le Touquet crew. Following American practice, her duties will be to minister to the wants of passengers en route

Teaching the Young to Fly

IN the days before speed had any real meaning in matters of transport, the young of the human species were taught to walk as a matter of course, but to ride a horse, to swim, or to manage a boat only if such accomplishments were likely to be of any value to the family exchequer. We have progressed somewhat by 1934, when three per cent. of our population can manœuvre a car upon the high-road. What of the future in the air? Obviously, the whole of our able-bodied population, and many others in differing stages of puberty or senility, could be taught to fly if the need arose, but the fact remains that little more than one ten-thousandth of our number can do so at the present time. Children who show enthusiasm for the air should be allowed to fly, where means permit, and in other cases it should be remembered that there are twenty jobs on the ground for every one in air transport. The College of Aeronautical Engineering has increased its accommodation for students, in view of the many opportunities for posts in the administrative and engineering branches of the Industry. The College has its headquarters in Chelsea, with workshops also at Brooklands, and it places students with the leading manufacturers and operators to complete their training.

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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

"prawn cocktails" a novelty weave woollen jacket and skirt is completed by a check taffeta waistcoat blouse and scarf. 5½ gns.

matters of moment

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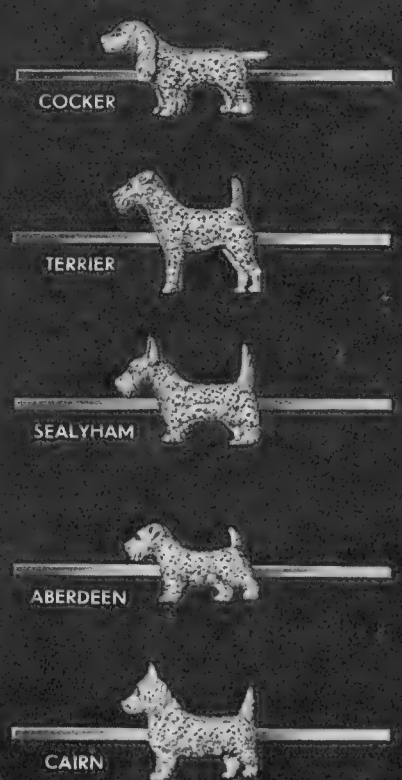

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THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BRIDE.—Gyles Isham as William Hurlbut's wandering evangelist, Kyrle Bellew as the woman he converts, Reginald Bach as her husband: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure, Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 2.30 and 8.15.

DOUBLE DOOR.—Sybil Thorndike superbly Grand Guignol, and especially when she goes mad; Owen Nares as her brother, and Carol Goodner as her sister-in-law whom she claps into a vault, in a Victorian melodrama that's full of excitement and horror: Globe, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FIRST EPISODE.—A first play, uneven but amusing, on the female complications of University life, with Barbara Hoffe and Meriel Forbes as the complications, Patrick Waddington and William Fox as their victims: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAUGHING WOMAN.—Veronica Turleigh as an authoress and Stephen Haggart as an artist in Gordon Daviot's new play about London and Paris in 1912: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL.—A legal play, with Frances Doble, Malcolm Keen, Nigel Playfair, Leon M. Lion, Aubrey Mather: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MACBETH.—Charles Laughton's Macbeth and Flora Robson's Lady Macbeth magnificent in their tragedy and horror; a fine end to the Vic-Wells season: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRIVATE ROOM.—Alan Napier as the peer who wants a divorce, and Thea Holme as the girl who acts as paid and innocent co-respondent, in N. Royde-Smith's comedy: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit and charm' and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Cecil Parker, who play, respectively, the wife, her ex-princely lover, and her psychiatrist husband: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—Aimee and Phillip Stuart's Embassy success, with Godfrey Tearle, Muriel Aked, Fabia Drake, Helen Haye: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY.—Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Nell Gwynne, Ivan Sampson as Charles II.: Prince's, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE. — Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play, which is set in a perfect frame of décor and dresses; the author, studied and grave, plays an elderly Duke: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

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HERE'S HOW!—George Robey his own eyebrow-raising self as Lord Ullage, the beer-baron, in his new revue, with June, light and graceful, as his opposite number: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical-comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laugh-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THREE SISTERS.—An Oscar Hammerstein-Jerome Kern collaboration, with Charlotte Greenwood, Adele Dixon, Victoria Hopper, Stanley Holloway and Albert Burdon: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD MORNING, BILL.—Peter Haddon, Winifred Shotter, Phyllis Monkman and Laurence Grossmith in P. G. Wodehouse's light-hearted comedy, which is as funny as ever it was: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

INDOOR FIREWORKS.—A farcical comedy with a bit too much tu-quoque humour in the family quarrels of Fay Compton, Lady Tree, Mary Brough, Reginald Gardiner: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—Nicholas Hannen, Hugh E. Wright, and Joan Marion in Anthony Armstrong's and Harold Simpson's murder thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's play: Piccadilly, to-night.

OPERA

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at Sadler's Wells.

CINEMAS

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elisabeth Bergner's first English film is now showing at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY.—Fredric March superb, and impressively handsome, as Death, Evelyn Venable as the girl who loves him, Sir Guy Standing as his three-days' host: Carlton.

GOOD GIRL.—A love story, with Sylvia Sydney to show Fredric March, tough and wise-cracking, how to fall for her: Plaza.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS.—Famous American revue filmed, with a star cast that includes Jimmy Durante, Alice Faye, Cliff Edwards, and lots of girls and music: Capitol.

LADY OF THE BOULEVARDS.—Anna Sten, the new star, as the cocotte in the film of Emile Zola's *Nana*: Tivoli.

THE MATTERHORN.—The story of Edward Whymper's great feat, with its tragic ending. Also JACK AHOY: Polytechnic.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Margaret Sullavan, another Hollywood discovery, as a girl who loved and was left, and John Boles as the man who found out too late: New Gallery.

LA ROBE ROUGE.—Suzanne Rissler and Daniel Mandaille in the film of Brieux's famous novel on the injustice of a prisoner being examined without his counsel. Also 90 DEG. SOUTH.—The Scott exploration film of the conquest of the South Pole: Academy.

SORRELL AND SON.—H. B. Warner, Hugh Williams and Winifred Shotter in the English film of Warwick Deeping's novel: Leicester Square.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.—Marthe Eggerth in the record-breaking Austrian film, with Schubert's music, opens the new Mayfair cinema, the Curzon.

THE WORLD CHANGES.—Paul Muni is the central figure in this cattle-raising, meat-packing cavalcade of the Middle West: Regal.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Albert Sammons plays the Delius Violin Concerto, Dorothy Silk and the B.B.C. Chorus sing Purcell's Coronation Anthem, and Holst's Choral Symphony; Adrian Boult conducts: Queen's Hall, April 11th, 8.15.

R.P.S.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts a programme which includes Franck's D minor Symphony and Busoni's Violin Concerto, with Alma Moodie as soloist: Queen's Hall, April 12th, 8.15.

L.P.O.—Conducted by Heinz Unger, plays Mahler's First Symphony, Beethoven's 4th Piano Concerto (Frank Osborn), and Strauss's Till Eulenspiegel: Queen's Hall, April 16th, 8.15.

Recitals

RAYA GARBOUSOVA.—Violincello recital, with a Brahms-Bach-Haydn programme: Æolian Hall, April 10th, 8.30.

ANTONIUS SALA.—Violincello recital: Wigmore Hall, April 11th, 8.30.

JACQUES FEVRIER.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, April 13th, 8.30.

SMETERLIN. — Chopin recital: Wigmore Hall, April 14th, 3.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Carolin Buchman and her seven American girls do some good dancing stuff; Howard Jacobs and his band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Harris is back again with some new songs and old favourites: Roy Fox and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Louis Simmonds and his band (late Embassy Club) play dance music, and there is a cabaret. Hostesses' nights are Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Eating here is more important than dancing, but the Tzigane orchestra are good to dance to.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—The Andree trio dance; Van Straten's band plays dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

COSSACK.—Here are three orchestras, one coloured, to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—Last weeks of the New York Midnight Follies of 1934, with Mitzi Mayfair as star-dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moschetto's and Syd Lipton's bands play for dancing.

MARGUERITE.—A good place to eat—and eat—in Soho. No music.

MONSEIGNEUR.—The Yacht Club Boys finish on Wednesday; after that Beatrice Lillie entertains; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

ODONE'S.—A new cabaret every week is good, but secondary to the question of food.

PICCADILLY.—Leon Roger, the mimic, and the Nickol Sisters, who dance acrobatically, provide the cabaret: extension night, Friday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian: the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Royal Institute Galleries.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—202nd Exhibition: 5a, Pall Mall East.

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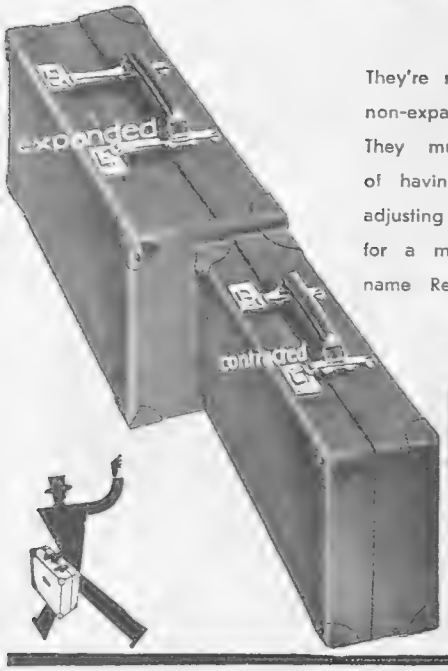

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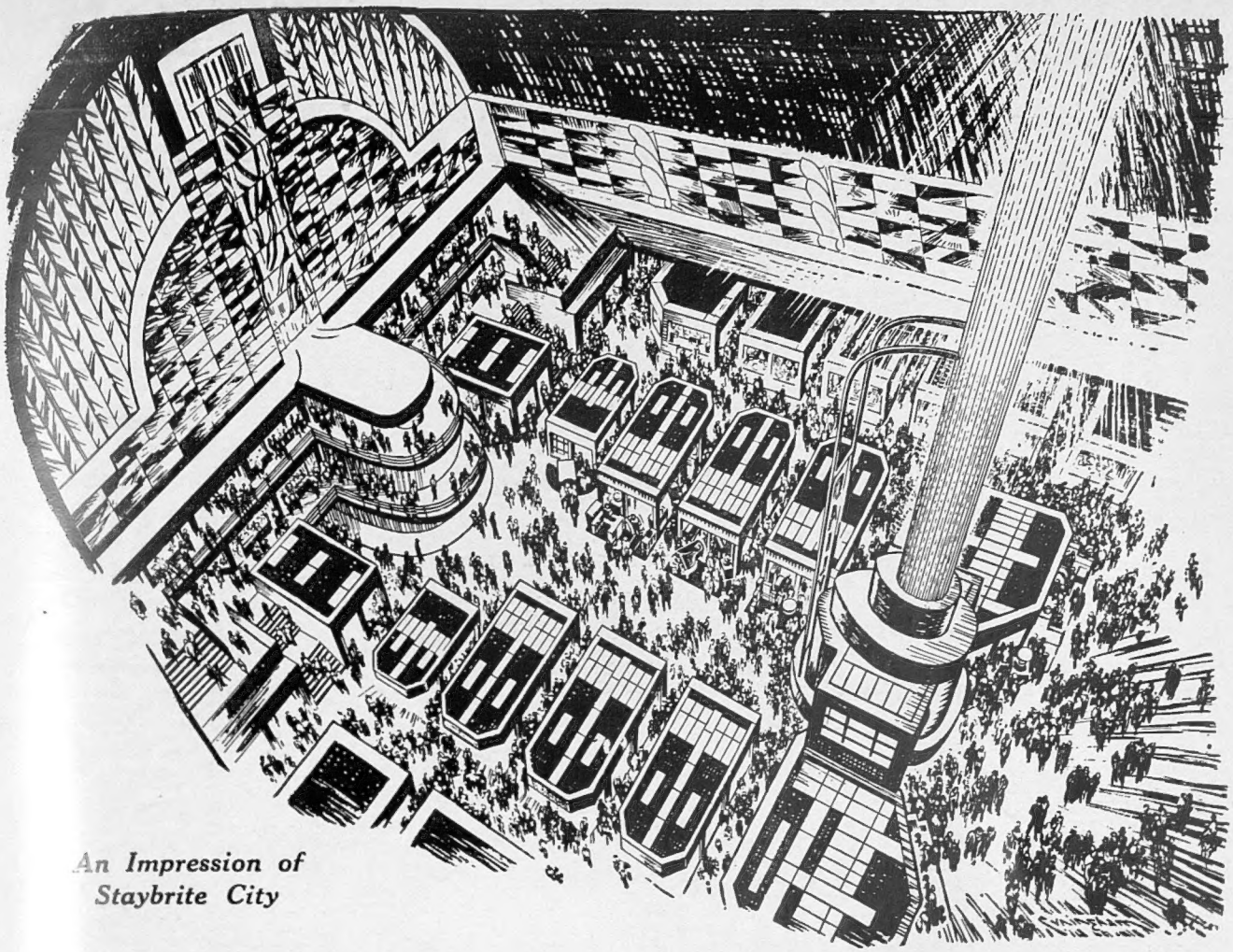

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" Cervantes was embarked in the galley *La Marquesa*, but, owing to a slight illness, he was temporarily relieved of service, and was lying in his cabin dazed by fever, and agonising that he was unable to take part in the battle.

The din of war without incessantly increased his excitement. The harsh commands, the violent explosions, the fragmentary descriptions that reached him at last proved too much.

Cervantes could remain idle no longer. He left his bed. His comrades besought him to rest. Even Francisco San Pietro, the commander of his ship, ordered him to keep under shelter. But his fiery spirit cared nought for orders and less for advice. He buckled on his armour. . . .

Women now began to count for something in his life. Cervantes, in civilian dress, paid court assiduously to the beautiful and noble Dona Catalina, de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano. Ever a true artist, he drew from this association not only the pleasures of love, but also the inspiration for his poem ' Galatea.' "

From "OLD TALES RETOLD" by F. MATANIA. R.I.—The Life and Adventures of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

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In the APRIL

". . . There's nothing new in this stuff," Wassermann interrupted.

" It'll be new enough presently," Lakry answered; and went on: " With his observer dead Lak has only himself to consider. He climbs back into the fight. He is shot at right and left, but gradually manœuvres his plane above the red Albatros, who is driving down another Bristol. Lak is not firing: the German ace knows he can't. Securing his position Lak dives straight down on the Albatros. Its pilot treats this as bluff. He does not believe the lamed Bristol intends anything so suicidal as a ram. Lak's machine strikes his wing, breaking it off. The Albatros goes down like a shot pheasant. Lak spirals after it out of control. FADE IN a section of enemy lines.

We see the Albatros a blazing ruin. Lak's plane is near it, wrecked but not destroyed. We see Lak is badly hurt, but conscious. German soldiers haul him out and carry him away on a stretcher."

" But, darn it, this is a war story," Wassermann protested. " Who the hell cares—— "

" It is not a war story," Lakry corrected. " It is Part I of a peace story."

". . . I get you now, Mr. Hounslow," Wassermann grinned. " This is not one of your advance stories. It's an author's hard-luck tale—and it ain't got a tail."

" You are wrong," said Lakry. " It has a tail with a twist that'll . . . "

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